

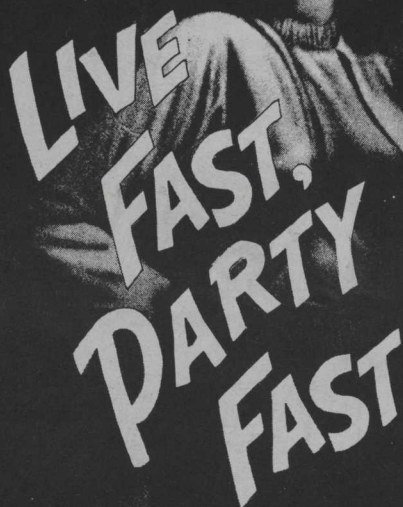
DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM 102

DECEMBER 1989 FREE

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YOUR WISH...
Dear Airhead,

Has CTR stopped supporting our local independent bands? Since the September issue *Discorder* appears to have dropped the monthly Demo Playlist. This fact seems all the more ludicrous when you consider *Discorder* has actually INCREASED the space allotted to Spinlist: a list, incidentally, consisting mainly of big corporate label acts!

What's the sense in this? For an organization that claims to be community oriented and supportive of independent music, CTR and *Discorder* have made it increasingly impossible for local listeners and concertgoers to know what music is really happening in our community. The Playlist helps to keep your readers and listeners informed, and, presumably, is also a source of encouragement for local artists to keep on producing their music.

Please don't turn a deaf ear to the supporters of CTR and Vancouver's independent music. Bring back the Monthly Demo Playlist and let us know what's happening.

Yours Truly,
David Reid

You can blame this on Confused

ห้าย
AIRHEAD
c/o 6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5
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*Intellectuals Terrorising Radio (CITR). Lazy ones. And disorganised ones. Not only have those responsible for this downright crummy omission been removed from society and have had certain brain cells excised, but they have also discovered (the hard way) the unprecedented public demand for the exposure of local music through the airwaves of Thunderbird Radio Hell and the esteemed pages of *Discorder*.*

Thanks for the letter, Dave.
Demo Direktor
Dale Sawyer

MISTAKE? US?
Dear Airhead,

I was pleased that you dudes printed my letter last issue (where I questioned your extension of the Polygram boycott to concert advertising). I was satisfied by your reasoned response and I felt suitably humbled, es-

pecially when you responded to my charge that you were hurting an innocent Bob Mould. You said that his label, A & M, is going to be acquired by Polygram. That sounded pretty convincing until I realized something.

Mould is on Virgin, not A & M.

I know the boycott is over (Congratulations), but you guys didn't have to defend yourselves by making up facts (an honest mistake, I hear you say? I'm sooooo sure).

By the way, the concert kicked ass.

Yours truly,
Larry Dudock

Well, Larry, it seems we meet again. Yes, your statement that Bob Mould is on Virgin not A&M is correct. However, Virgin is a smaller, British-based label that is distributed in Canada by A&M. Similarly, The Pixies are on 4AD, Love and Rockets are on Beggars Banquet, and De La Soul are on Tommy Boy, yet all three are distributed in Canada by Polygram. Thus, we consider these groups to be on Polygram, and Bob Mould to be on A&M. If you desire further clarification call our Music Director, Chris Buchanan, at 228-3017.

Top Twenty LPs of the 1980s

You've seen the Rolling Stone 'greatest' 100 LPs of the 1980s and John Mackie's 20 'best' albums of the decade. What a joke, right? What planet are these people from? Who do they think they are? I know, people with good taste.

Surely there's a better way to determine the best albums of the beloved 1980s. Why not let the people decide, in true democratic fashion? Let's put it to a vote.

So, here is your chance to have your say. Just send us your choices for the best twenty LPs of the 1980s. (Do not include compilations, re-issues, et cetera; just real albums.)

We will tabulate the votes and publish the outcome in *Discorder*. We'll also publish responses from local know-it-all 'underground' celebrities. Hurry 'cause the deadline is December 13th. Everyone's got an opinion, right? Power to the People, eh.

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ROBYN HITCHCOCK

Interview by Glenn Krueger

"I'm six foot two inches tall and made entirely of dead sea creatures. I have never wanted to be anything but a singer, although I'm basically a draughtsman. My songs are simply pictures. A song has no opinions. I want the pictures to be as intense as possible—ideally one glimpse would detonate the spectator permanently. But, inevitably, things are lost in translation, or there is a delayed reaction. I have no ambition but I am very persistent. The great thing about human beings is that they can walk and eat at the same time."

So said singer/songwriter/eccentric Robyn Hitchcock in February 1988. The guy is an interesting character, full of words and wonder, wit and wise. Disorder recently spoke with the man who has written such pop-psychodelic ditties as *Madonna of the Wasps*, *Eaten By Her Own Dinner*, and *The Man With the Lighthouse Head*. We pick up the conversation with Mr. Hitchcock explaining his reasons for presently playing without his backup group, the Egyptians...

Robyn: I like to work on my own, I really enjoy it. I've done a lot of stuff with the band. Every time we go out we take another couple of roadies and we have to give them a raise and things like that. So I don't actually make a lot of money off touring. I've got a lot of telethons to support; I started a telethon fund a couple of years ago and I've got a lot of them. Telethons are very demanding things, they need money.

The current record is yet untitled. It's an acoustic record. It's been mainly recorded in San Francisco and I haven't quite finished it yet. It has no overdubs; well, it has a few, it's fairly simple.

Recorded on 2 track?

R: No, it's on 24 track but there's nothing spectacular about it, it just hasn't got any bass and drums, it hasn't got a producer; there's no fuss really about it. It's not designed to prove anything in marketing terms, it doesn't have any corporate careers riding on it. It won't have videos to go with it; it won't have big adverts. It may even not come out on A & M, it may come out through some subsidiary. It will take the form of me not really doing any interviews, and

probably doing a few gigs. I paid for it myself, it hasn't cost much, it'll make its money back. It's what I would like people to hear.

The last two records were all right but they were done by committee. Increasingly, the whole thing's become a promotion machine for myself so in a rare spasm of creativity I manage occasionally to write a few songs and I'm putting them out. They're good, it's just sort of more emotional... it's not particularly clever. It's as close as I get to making a human record and so much music is inhuman now because it's controlled by machines. Rock and roll has always gone hand in hand with sex and technology so you go around saying this is rock and roll, anything that comes out of a machine is rock and roll. It has an artificial mother and a tribal father but this one is just a very simple organic music. I don't know why I sound so sad when I'm saying this, I think it's my interview voice!(laughs). I'm really pleased, I think it's going to be good. It's coming out in March, I hope.

So what kinds of songs are you going to put on this record then? More direct simple songs?

R: Yeah, there's a song called Queen Elvis, which it wasn't on the album; it wasn't written in time. I don't know, songs, a variety of them, things like Sweet Ghost of Light and Agony of Pleasure and all the rest of it. Winter's House, Glass Hotel, Mr. Thrusty's Fruit Club.

What's Mr. Thrusty's Fruit Club?

R: Mr. Thrusty's Fruit Club is about this guy who destroys cars with a knitting needle. People will pick up on that one because it's about seafood and say,

"Well, he's still on about seafood." Does it really matter whether I am or not by now? You can't change your trademark, you can't change the way people perceive you but I kind of resent it when people try. In the end it really matters very little. If the world is a thermometer, music occupies the very very half of the top degree between ninety-nine and a half and a hundred; it's not an important thing.

And Queen Elvis, did you have that title and then it came from there?

R: Queen Elvis is about the descent into stardom and that's what the song is about. The last record was about parallel experiences. But it's nice of you to ask. We're always very flattered when people take an interest.

There's amazing stories you've put on your songs. Do you actually have a book of short stories or have them developed into film?

R: I think that was very expensive and very literal to develop into films; some things are better left to your imagination. That's what I don't like about videos, it just limits people's imagination. There's always a visual image to go with the music. Thank God the Bible wasn't written in times when they had film around.

We may make a film with stop frame some time. You haven't seen our very early films *The Man With the Lighthouse Head* and so on? It's all just come out again. A & M are putting it out. They've got all glossy new expensive promos that cost us a fortune and end in Hollywood and they've got our little old ones we used to do for 200 pounds in London. Needless to say I prefer the ones done for 200 pounds.

Was it painful having all those carrots crashing down on your head?

R: I didn't mind the carrots, it's just the whole principle of someone else interpreting your songs. I don't have someone else interpreting my dreams, I mean, you can if you paid. You could pay someone \$50 an hour to interpret your dreams for you. To me that was another way things were getting out of hand.

Does that mean you had no control over the videos?

R: I had no ideas at all about those songs and we were in a hurry, and they said why don't you let us wheel in some well-meaning left-field Hollywood moguls. It's great, you spend all that money with all those lighting guys, props guys, people to come and wipe the sweat off your top lip. You can pretend you're Richard Nixon for an afternoon. And again, it's flattering but ultimately you ruin it. And the early ones we made from Balloon Man back to *The Man With the Lighthouse Head* where we'd just do stop frame, for those of you on radio, stop frame involves the well known process of moving something half an inch at a time taking two shots of film on say 18 frames per second thing so it takes you approximately nine seconds. No, that's wrong, there are nine movements in each second so it's very painstaking but they're fun.

Like Peter Gabriel videos?

R: Yeah, that's what we did. We did the last one, Balloon Man and they said it's just like cheap Peter Gabriel but the point is it was cheap! It cost us virtually nothing. I hate throwing all that money around.

So you had more control over things than people.

R: That's why kids play with inanimate objects and when they grow up they can't relate to people and they have to go to the shrink. I mean how many marriages are broken up because one person thinks they're marrying a doll, the other person thinks they're marrying a teddy bear.

One person becomes married to the television.

R: (laughs) They both do. The kids marry the television. When you break up the tv has custody of the kids. Yep.

Tropical Flesh Mandala, what inspires a song like that?

R: I found one on the beach. It was this thing, it had lots of sort of tentacle like growths... black things squirming around with molluscs on the end that opened and closed like those Hoovers; those small Hoovers for house cleaning. We took a photograph of it and the pictures never came out. And that was all that was.

Do you spend much time walking on the beach?

R: Every chance I get. I commute between this beach in England—

Brighton?

R: No, it's down in the southwest, it's more out of the way than that. It's a really beautiful beach, I go there a lot. There are things you can do in the water there that are just fantastic.

Is it more to get away from people or just to get in touch with nature?

R: There are people down there as well, your involvement with them is up to you. There's another beach that's further which is the official nudist beach. I've got some friends that keep urging me to get leather trousers need I say more. I just go down there a lot. This is nothing to do with that. It's really good, you just sit in the pool and all sorts of things happen.

Where do you live in England?

R: San Francisco.

San Francisco, England? You live in San Francisco?

R: No. If I was a metronome, I'd stop in San Francisco at one end and London at the other. I seldom go west of San Francisco or east of London. We went to Japan once but... I've been to Sweden. I'm a man of the world. I've got credit cards. Basically, I'd like to either be in San Francisco or the Isle of Wight. That's where I tend to be... by the water. I wander up and down the Haight a lot in San Francisco.

What has happened to the Egyptians? Are you still an Egyptian?

R: I'm not dating them any more. No, I'm sure we'll do something again, but we're just having a break. We've done a lot and the Egyptians are basically the nuclear Softboys and the Softboys broke up years ago. We got the Egyptians together simply for fun, to record a few tracks and do one gig. Five years later we've made something like three or four LPs and done gigs all over the bloody world.

Must've been fun.

R: It was fun but I don't think it's been so much fun lately and it's been nice to have a break for a bit. When me and Andy and Morris got together again as Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians, we hadn't played together for four years or something like that, not as the three of us.

How did they feel about it being you and them?

R: Well you'd really have to ask them about that. In some ways it would be much nicer if the group was called one thing and I was called another. By the time Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians got going, the Softboys had been long gone and I always hated the name Softboys. I made the name up, I never meant to apply it to my own group. It was sort of these bloodless sleeping things, very English these things that survive not on confrontation but on manipulation, kind of like the people who... you know Britain famous for producing gay commies... sorry, what's the correct term... commie faggots pies. You know, gay people, well-educated gay

people who defect to the communists or whatever, people whose idealism is exploited when they're young. I wasn't thinking of communists. I was just thinking of discreet manipulative people.

Pinkos.

R: They're not pinkos, they're so subversive they don't have any feasible creed whatsoever. They actually run the country behind the prime minister's back and blame the prime minister but there's something even more, something so deeply woven into the fibre of our society—

The backbone of trends?

R: It's like a backbone only they're spineless, they would never confront you, they would just manipulate you by changing the shape of the corridors that you walked along. You might think they were walking towards Heathrow but they'd just switch corridors and you'd go to Gatwick instead. They're intensely manipulative. And that was the idea behind the Softboys. Basically it was a kind of very evil force. I started writing songs in 1970. I got with Andy and Morris in '76. We just met. I went up to Cambridge and found them.

Being a cult figure, you seem to go over better in the States than in England. Why do you think that is and what is it like?

R: It means that I kind of commute to work. I suppose. You know, I work over here and a bit in Europe and Japan and summary places, but most of it here, this continent I mean, and I don't work in England at all. It makes life quiet, it means you don't get bothered too much and then you come over here. It's rather odd. It's going to work, you have a different job. In England I'm effectively unemployed but I bring the money back over here.

But you have a very English way of looking at the world, or do you agree with that?

R: I don't know; I wouldn't be able to

say that. I think it's just easier for you to define me as English. In England, people have problems with me, over here you can just say I'm English.

You've been away too much to be English?

R: No, long before then. When I was a kid at school it wasn't right, it didn't fit. I think maybe England is such a repressive society. They go on about how England tolerates and cultivates eccentricities but I don't think that's so. I think England is as uptight as you can get. Basically, it's like when you squeeze a bar of soap it'll just go foocom.

Do you think your sense of humour might be a reaction to that?

R: I don't know, it seems such a generalization. Apparently, one of our traits is supposed to be self-mockery. There are whole areas where irony is right out, and no metaphor; it sounds like Monty Python but Monty Python is deadly accurate in places. Someone wanted to know whether I was ever naked or not.

Ever?

R: Yeah, they tried to imagine me. I wrote back and said no I wasn't ever naked.

What were you born with?

R: Clothes! What were you born with? All British people are born with clothes.

Skin.

R: Okay. That's the big difference between the British and the rest of you. We're born with clothes, dammit.

Tweed?

R: If necessary. Well, some sections of society. My lot are born with tweeds. The Queen Mother, born with tiara, born at 45 she was. That's us. When you come from something so fundamentally horrible and pointless, as we do, what can you do but mutate?

You have a knack writing these great lines like "Yesterday I saw the devil in

my food..."

R: Well, obviously, if you found a devil in your food, you wouldn't want to play with it, you wouldn't want to eat it but you wouldn't want to eat it. But you'd play with it maybe because you thought if you ignored the food all together the devil would say "What's wrong with this then, eh, not going to finish your bean stew? Good bean stew." So you know, you'd say "I'm just going to the

"...hell is much more of a reality than heaven. I can imagine achieving a state of hell but I can't imagine anyone wanting to go to heaven..."

bathroom." And then you'd rush out the back over the fence and scream away from the restaurant and the devil still in the bean stew going "Where's he got to now then, eh?" And give you a half a mile start on the devil before the devil climbs out of the food dripping with beans and says "Excuse me, Miss, where's the bathroom?" And goes in and sort of wipes off all the beans and goes, "NOW, where's that Hitchcock fellow? I'm going to get him."

Have you seen the devil?

R: I've seen him in the mirror, I've seen him in my heart, I've seen him in my relatives, and I've seen him in newspapers, I've seen him on tv, I've seen him on airplanes, on stage with me. I've never been to bed with him though.

Do you believe in God?

R: No, I believe in the devil. To me, hell is much more of a reality than heaven. I can imagine achieving a state of hell but I can't imagine anyone wanting to go to heaven because it would all be perfect and you'd be bored. The devil is simply

the tendencies in yourself that you don't want to face, that they don't want to accept. There's nobody sitting there manipulating the strings. Well, there is, but they're just laughing at us.

Comparing Devil's Coachman to Superman...

R: Superman is a stud, he's a very macho guy and he doesn't really achieve much but he gets through dozens of women and that's the end of it. But he's tragic really whereas the Devil's Coachman is dealing with things in yourself that you can't face. So I would say the Devil's Coachman was a more painful song.

Superman's all right though 'cause in the end, he knows he's going to try better in the end, he's going to make an effort, he's going to change and develop. There's no development in the Devil's Coachman, it's just a sort of ghastly reality. But there's some really nice stuff on the new record. I mean, it's not nearly as bad as that. It kind of reaches here and then it gets better and by the end of the new record it just proves that you can always go on being naive and innocent no matter how much you know to the contrary.

You'd think that after the death camps and things like that, after World War II everyone would have just given up and they would've passed around some gas that would have painlessly destroyed humanity once and for all before anything got worse. But people just go, "Well hey!" and try again and you know everyone wears red socks and comes bursting out of a birthday cake and bounces down the street and says, "Well, here we are, there's more of us!"

When someone announces that they're pregnant, you don't write and send them condolences, "God you've added another vermin to peril decency, another dangerous rat to destroy our so called world." Because we're the eyes of God, without us God wouldn't be able to see. That's what we were made for.

Are all your introductions between

songs totally spontaneous all the time?

R: No, it's just that things proliferate very fast and then they bifurcate, it's like the branches of a tree; start with one and there's two. And then from each of those branches there's a further two, so there's a whole cluster. Suddenly you're five feet into a branch; there's maybe fifty possibilities. That's why trees can't think too well.

How do you know which branch to take?

R: Well, exactly, and things just blossom very fast and then die away. I'm fueled by a good upbringing and a healthy sense of guilt and the same old spirals. This year they talked about "spirals of violence", that's been the expression of the year.

And do you write your songs down?

R: I don't like writing. Whatever you write you confine and you finish. You have to be without fear. You have to be prepared to let yourself do anything. I've never achieved that but I'm sure in principle that's how it should be. Then everything would come out very fast.

You once told me you wrote books of song titles, is that where they come from?

R: Well if I told you it must be true. Sometimes I play the guitar and they come out that way. It's like asking the hen how or why it lays eggs. Logically we know we have the sexual urge because Nature makes it pleasant for us to do necessary things so we enjoy things like eating and screwing and all the rest of it. You can't really rationalize why things are so important to you, it just happens. We've got our impulses, we don't know why. It's like an angel's head on a demons body. I think that's where the sense of guilt comes from. Your rational self knows you're part of the Belson generation and you just can't take it. I think humanity wants to cut its own head off. But I believe in salvation in the arms of my beloved. I bet you thought I was never going to say it.



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The Pixies are not merely a band—they are the saviours of that once proud institution known as rock and roll.

by Rob Boper

Pixies

Let's get a few things out of the way before we get into the meat (or root, for all us vegetarians) of yet another attempt at journalism by everybody's favourite Denny's breakfast special, Rob Boper. (You see, the Denny's next to where I live named a breakfast special after me since I was always going there. I just had to promise to mention it. It's not very good though. Might I suggest the "Mr. Ed" over easy with brown toast and hollandaise sauce?)

First of all, if you are looking for an objective article on the Pixies, you'd be better off reading one of those press releases put out by their record company. As far as the Pixies are concerned, objectivity and I parted company as soon as the first Pixies release, the Come on Pilgrim EP, hit my technologically obsolete turntable.

Someone once said to me, "You know, The Bope, I don't know why people like The Pixies so much, after all, they're just a band." Well, let me tell you, when the dust settled there was only one of us standing. Sure it took a couple of friends to help me up, and the scars are barely visible now, but I couldn't believe my ears. The Pixies, a mere band! Now them's fighting words if I've ever heard 'em, even if it was my mom who said them. But even my mom, The Big Boper, now understands; The Pixies are not merely a band—they are the

saviours of that once proud institution known as rock and roll.

And the other thing that you, the discerning reader, should know is—due to unforeseen circumstances (it's a long ugly story involving football and dozens of sweaty men), I was unable to actually be at the interview with Black Francis, lead screacher of The Pixies. Instead, my intrepid cat and assistant, Wiggie, went in my place. Fortunately for us all, Wiggie remembered to take her tape deck and record the interview. She has also filled me in on all the subtle details about everybody's favorite Pixie. (Unless you spend the majority of your time drooling over Kim Deal, the ultracool, yet sometimes spinny, bass player. "We've played in Seattle before. That's in Canada, isn't it?")

So, now that you know the whole story, or at least as much of it as you are ever going to, might I suggest that you sit back, put on your third copy of Surfer Rosa (having worn the first two out), and join in the journey into Pixieland, a land of demata.

IMPORTANT YET REALLY USELESS PIXIEFACTS —impress your friends and woo babes with this fine assortment of trivia. (NOTE: Can also be used for wooing hunks if one is not into wooing babes.)

1. Black Francis is the Messiah and/or The Pilsbury Doughboy.

Black Francis is a fairly relaxed dude. He has no choice. With his physique he couldn't be active even if he wanted to. He does not look like the saviour of rock and roll, which, by the way, he is. (But if you ever run into him on the street, don't call him The Messiah; like all good messiahs, he embarrasses easily. I guess we all imagined the saviour to look something like Ian Curtis, except maybe without the noose. Black Francis, and I do not mean this in a negative way, looks more like the Pilsbury Doughboy. Don't believe me? Close your eyes for a second. Okay, skip that idea. I forgot that this is print and you can't follow along with the benefit of sight. Imagine then, if you will, the Pilsbury Doughboy with long, kinda stringy hair, wearing a dirty t-shirt, jeans, and sneakers, with a guitar slung over his gut, and a voice that randomly reaches any note of any octave at any time. Throw in a slightly warped sense of humour and a penchant for writing songs that have more hooks than 7-11 has week old hot dogs and now you've got one Black Francis. Not exactly the kind of boy you'd want to take home to meet mom, but then my mom wouldn't be too happy if I brought boys home anyway.

2. There are other people in the band too. Don't get me wrong, The Pixies are far more than just Black Francis. David Lovering is by far the coolest drummer ever to grace this doomed planet of ours; just ask David Suzuki (about the planet, not David Lovering's drumming). Sure, he can't sing (although he does so on La La Love You), but then no one ever heard that against Black Francis. Joey Santiago is one mean guitar god. He can get sounds out of that six-stringed thing that I'm sure requires a pact with Satan. And there is Kim. Hearts go a-flutter. The Pixies wouldn't be

The Pixies without her slightly off-kilter "harmonies". Or her monstrous bass. Kim's little girl persona seems so fragile that you just want to take her home and playdolls with her. Okay, maybe not dolls, but something else equally stereotypical of a nine year old little girl who also plays the bass like all good little girls do.

But the heart of The Pixies, the creative controls, the jelly in the doughnut, lies in the mind of Francis. A scary thought for any members of the PMRC, but then I don't think they read *Disorder* anyway — except maybe Tipper Gore 'cause she has such a cool name. Sounds like a football player who's into snuff movies.

Except for three or four songs, Black Francis writes all The Pixies' material. "All the people in my band are fine people," Francis confided to *Wiggle*. "They do what they do very well and I enjoy playing in a band with them. But it's not the kind of chemistry where we write songs together. It just does not work out. I kind of dictate it and I just don't allow for other people to grow into it a little more. This is my first band; these are all my tunes. I guess I just a little headstrong about the whole thing. But it will never become Black Francis and the Pixies. It is 'The Pixies' and if any of the members ever left, I think it would show a lot." But there'd be more room on the tour bus.

3. My three favourite Pixies songs will never again be played by the band. (More of an interesting fact if you're having a conversation with me, but then I did say that some of these were useless.) "I've Been Tired", "River Euphrates", and "Here Comes Your Man". My three favourite songs, all banished from The Pixies songbook, each for a different reason.

"I've Been Tired" — To

me, this is the perfect song. Witty, catchy, uses the word "penis", has a good beat, and I can dance to it. I give it a 9.5. Dick. Well, the old Blackmeister gives it a big double zero. "We've played it too much, and anyways, I don't think it's that good or something. It's embarrassing to sing." Shows what I know. I guess he doesn't like saying "penis" in front of a thousand people every night. I wouldn't either.

"River Euphrates" — One of the many jewels on the band's first LP, "Surfer Rosa". The 12" of this song, which contains a revamped version of "Gigantic", is perhaps the finest piece of vinyl ever released in this or any other century. But "River Euphrates" is conspicuously missing from the set list. "Kim smokes too many cigarettes, and her harmonies really suck at the moment. So we've been avoiding songs like that. She just smokes. She's an addictive personality, likes to smoke a lot of cigarettes. It's fine by me, it's just that, man, she cannot hit the notes now." Nothing a ten day visit to Schick wouldn't cure. At least she'll sound like Tom Waits in a few years — or Jean Crétien.

"Here Comes Your Man" — Okay, so shoot me for liking the pop song. How can you not? Like it, I mean, not shoot me. From the opening chord to the big drum roll near the end to the demented lyrics (find me one Pixies song that doesn't have demented lyrics), it's all there. "Here Comes Your Man" will be the number one song of all time some day. It could be; I just know it. You should see *Wiggle* wag her tail to it. But the song is cursed. You see, The Pixies did a video for it and it became somewhat of a hit. Someone even told me he heard it on an AM Top 40/Golden Oldie radio station in Florida. And the big guy doesn't think they should do it for that reason alone. At

least The Pixies can't be accused of selling out. They can be, however, accused of selling their t-shirts for \$23, which gives a new meaning to the song "Gunge Away".

4. The Pixies think encores are for masturbators.

It's true. Ever see what Mick Jagger is doing to the microphone by the third encore? Women and children out first, please. Black Francis has but a few words concerning this subject. "It's the most over-milked, watered-down bullshit I've ever seen, this damn encore stuff. It's not like a rock and roll tradition anymore, it's just like something well below; it's mediocre. I just wish there were a little more class in it. I wish it were a little more like the audience ripped the place apart and the band came out and did two more songs. But it's not like that. It's like everyone just fucking walks back out, does the encore. How boring. There's no balls." Gee, too bad we didn't know this before the Commodore show. I'm sure the audience would've ripped the place apart for another song. It needs re-decorating, anyway.

5. The guy with the world's hairiest back, pictured on the "Come On Pilgrim" cover, is not Kim's first husband.

They don't even know him. He's just some guy who looks like George "The Animal" Steel (who is also Francis' father's hero). All The Pixies artwork is done by Vaughn Oliver of 23 Envelope, who do all the 4AD stuff. "We just send the guy a tape, he makes a bunch of art and we like it. We choose not to say anything about it. We like this guy and what he does. He's very laid back, not very stuffy or intellectual, despite what some people might think. There's not a lot of symbolism, but you might look for a little clitoris or something. He always has little sex things. Just some guy having fun." With sex? Sounds dangerous to me. Hope Vaughn knows about condoms. Also, Black Francis has never dated the lady on the cover of "Surfer Rosa".

6. Black Francis' mom's favorite song is "Cactus".

He said so in Seattle. "I'd like to play this one for my mom, 'cause it's her favorite song. Sitting here wishing on the cement floor..." I guess she doesn't like the word "penis", either.

7. You won't find the Pixies playing at too many frat parties.

It's not anything personal, all you Phi Delta omegas, but it's just the whole college

thing doesn't appeal to Francis too much. After three years of university, Francis has a few observations to make. "I didn't like all the wimpy... there's just so much political opinion-ating going on and nothing much else. It's like a lot of people not willing to go for something or do something. I just wish there were more types that would just say, 'Fuck this. I'm going to get a haircut. I'm going to go to law school and I'm going to become the most ruthless motherfucker and get into the most powerful position I possibly can to make a change.' Maybe there are people doing that and you just don't see them." A nice thought, but at \$2000 a year to attend this fine institution the only change I'll be making is at 7-11 so that I have correct bus fare. But if the Pixies would care to sponsor me, I'd be more than happy to become a ruthless lawyer. I can see it now... Stickum, Zip and Boper. I've always wanted to be an ambulance chaser. "No hit and run too small." You need whiplash — we got it." Rock on.

8. Black Francis and Adam Smith are both proponents of laissez-faire.

Yeah, except Adam Smith is talking about the market place and Black Francis is talking about drugs. Unlike most people in today's society, the band does not go bowing or clear cut harvesting to relax. No, they go the old fashioned route. "Mostly we smoke pot. It seems to be the trend the last six months or so. Being heavily sedated in our little bus. And I'm not even saying it to be cool, just slightly funny. I sort of have a pro-drug stance. I don't use a lot of drugs or anything and I don't see myself doing it in the future. I say laissez-faire." And I say watch out at border crossings.

9. The new American pastime in Europe is trying to get Canadian tourists killed.

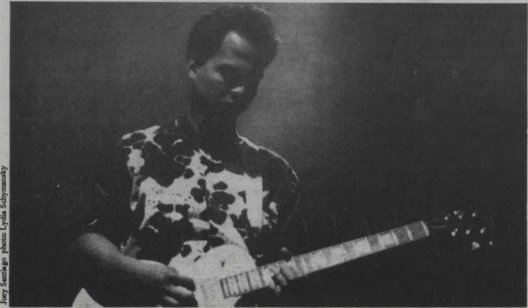
This one came as a surprise. And it's not exactly the Pixies who do it, but Black's brother, Brown. "The Canadian guys in Europe backpacking always have the big Canadian flag on the back of their backpack. My brother would stay at the youth hostels, and this is no offense to you Canadians, but he'd see some Canadian backpacker and he'd say, 'Hey man, you're from the States!'" A horrible thought at the best of times, let alone when you are in Europe where it is open season year-round on Americans. As it should be.

10. The true secret to the Pixies success.

I know all you struggling local bands — sorry, I forgot, this is Vancouver, there isn't any other kind of local band — have been waiting for this moment for quite sometime. It's like a world famous chef learning just what the eleven herbs and spices really are. Or someone finding out just how the caramel gets inside the Carmelk bars. I could hold out and not tell you what makes the Pixies different. I could publish a book and reach number one on the New York Times best-seller list. But no, I'm going to share it with you, the loyal *Disorder* reader, right here on this very page. And to think, this publication is free! Tell us, oh great leader of the revolution, our saviour from Simple Minds and other assorted arena rock jack-off bands, what is the secret? It's like, you know, we're just a bunch of guys and a girl with some guitars, bass, and drums trying to make some cool songs and that's it. That's everything. There's not enough cool rock and roll music, you know what I mean? Too many people with topics and I don't know, a heart that yearns and all that shit, you know. That's just bullshit."

What were you expecting, a major label deal on a platter? Read it a couple times. Try reading it backwards. Translate it into Yiddish and then cross out every fourth consonant. Either that or realize that simplicity and the ability to not take yourself seriously are the major stumbling blocks for most bands. Not the Pixies. It's not that they are too stupid to get complex. No, they are too smart. Get complex and you start to sound like Queen, or worse, Loverboy. There is one other thing, though. "We stay in tune a lot more now and we keep beat pretty good." It's the little things, I tell ya.

So the Pixies are here to save us from an eternity of boring, self-absorbed rock stars, who have more hair dressers than there are musicians in their band. Bands who take themselves too seriously are a dime a dozen (actually, it's three for a dollar in the bargain bin at Zulu Records). There are only a handful of bands who have a sense of humour and are willing to take risks and actually have the talent to back up what they do. Many bands at one point in their careers show a flash of brilliance, but then fade more quickly than CTR's signal as you drive east on Tenth Avenue. But the Pixies are our beacon in a sea of wankers and wankettes. Now if Kim would only quit smoking so I could hear *River Euphrates*. Oh well, I guess we can't have everything, can we?



Joy Santiago photo: Linda Schreyer

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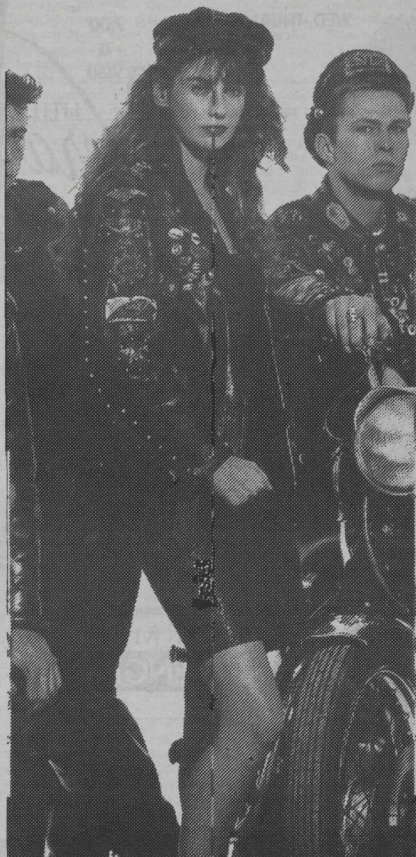
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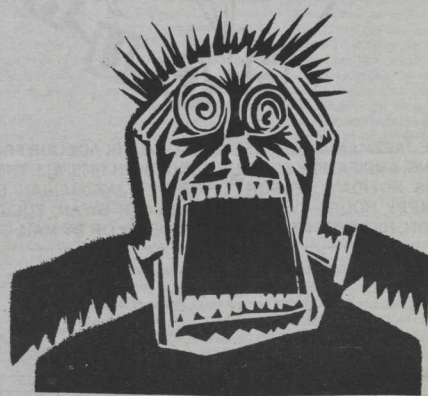
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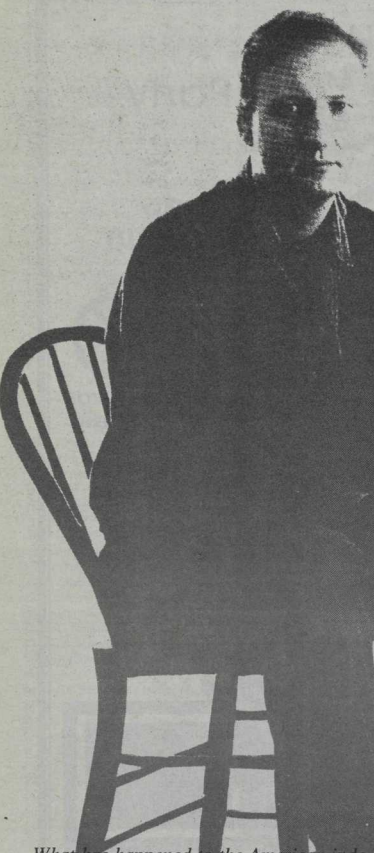


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What has happened to the American independent band? Carriers of the punk torch of integrity they once were, representing what rock and roll was all about... amateurism, originality and sheer go for broke balls to the wall power. Where, oh where, are they now?

BROKEN MOULD

A CONVERSATION WITH BOB MOULD AND MICHAEL LEDUC

R.E.M. now has a multi-million dollar record deal and a new legion of fans that care more about getting a tux-shirt and a cool seat in the hockey rink than actually listening to the music. The Replacements have given up falling down and puking their way through shows in exchange for new found "adulthood" and have left many longtime fans puking in their wake. Exene has become yet another folksinger on the bleak music horizon. What of Hüsker Dü... What has become of the band branded as the loudest and fastest guys in plaid shirts ever to take to stage? Amid rumours of major substance abuse and internal dissension, the Hüskers called it quits in January of 1987 leaving hard feelings and a tainted music scene behind them.

Disorder talked with one of the survivors, Mr. Dö himself, Bob Mould, and listened carefully as he tried to make sense of it all, as well as fill us in on what he has been doing for the past couple of years.

DISORDER: It seems that all of the independent bands that sprang up around 1982, like Hüsker Dü, The Replacements, R.E.M., Soul Asylum et cetera, have become diversified to the extent that all the song writing sentiments and attitudes have taken individual courses. What has happened?

Bob Mould: Well, what were you doing seven years ago? We're all constantly changing. For those of us that choose to write music and present it to the public, it's a matter of documenting the changes that we go through in our lives... and changes that we see society going through. When I look back at the way society was back when Hüsker Dü started in 1979, there wasn't a hell of a lot to get upset about. Sure, it was easy to rail on the government and your parents, but as time goes on and you've lived through the Reagan era and you see people accumulating as many possessions as possible in some strange way life is this huge abacus of sorts keeping track of who has the most toys. You also see how society tends to turn in on itself because of all the machines we're all hooked up to. Those things change your perspective along with other things, like the lack of respect we have for the environment. These are the changes that have happened since 1982 and they're the same changes that you've gone through.

D: Well, I suppose that it's fairly obvious that things seem to be getting worse and worse, but what

do you see as the most pressing problems in North America?

Bob: Oh... acid rain... the water table... plastics, you know, we're now realizing that plastics will be here longer than we will be. The fact that there was a pretty major earthquake this week that no one could comprehend. We can only see it on the news and none of us can really understand why it had to happen. There was one in China this morning that did as much damage as the one in San Francisco, but if we had seen that one with out the precedent of the one in San Fran, we could have said "Oh, that's too bad!", but now we are more affected, but only because we have had one that has hit us close to home.

D: Talking about the album now, most of the songs on Workbook seem to be introspective, pastoral pieces, where did these come from?

Bob: I spent about a year on a farm I bought in Northern Minnesota just thinking and writing music, really not trying at all to stay in touch with what was going on with music. I had just spent ten years being bombarded with music non-stop. When I left Hüsker Dü, I left for a number of reasons, one of which was to get my sanity back and to try and find out what I liked about music, because I certainly did not like what was going on at the end of Hüsker Dü. It had become very routine and not at all what I wanted music to be. It's not at all a slight on anyone I worked with, it's just a statement of fact, in my mind. We had been working so long doing the same thing, it was no longer exciting, so once I discovered what I liked about music again, I decided it was time to make a record again.

D: Was it difficult to gain support for your new record, having to conquer people's expectations about what your sound should be, and about how you had left behind the Hüskers were poised on the edge of a commercial breakthrough?

Bob: I really had no idea what was going to happen. Things certainly worked out better than I had hoped. I didn't think that anyone was going to care. It's

really just a matter of being something I wanted to do for myself. One of the things I try and make clear to people is that it's a difficult thing, but I'll never be able to shake the fact that I was in that band. Sure, that was my band, and this band, and all these great things. I'll never be able to deny that, nor do I want to, but I don't want to live off that either. It's sort of fun to have the challenge of having people say "Bob Who?", "From what band?" and have people simply enjoy the record.

D: One of your other projects is the Singles Only Label. How did this come about?

Bob: A couple of friends and I started up SOL about a year ago. It took quite a while to be in a position to start releasing records, but we have five singles out by people from around the country. It's really just a way to help some



new people out. You know, there's a lot of alternatives right now for new bands. Putting out a seven inch single these

days is not what it used to be twelve years ago. With the CD and all that stuff, singles just aren't all that important anymore. We're trying to bring this to the forefront again and say that yes, this is a way to get your music heard.

D: Could you tell us about the new artists you have on your roster?

Bob: Well, we've got a band from New York called The Zephyrs that is this Zedco-Jason thing. It's not at all like I've heard any band before. There's a band called Fortune Wheel that is a college pop band. A young lady named Angel Dean that does a country torch singer type thing that's real nice. We also have a fellow from Minneapolis named David Postalwaite who is a solo singer-songwriter, just him and an acoustic guitar. And another group from there called the Warm Jets who are a pretty noisy bunch of cats.

D: How do you plan on keeping the seven inch viable with all the forces working against you? Is packaging important? How do you promote a dying format?

Bob: The most important thing is just to get them out to the independent record stores. The same way we all did it ten years ago. Those avenues are still all there, it's just that now it's the path of most resistance. Whether it's display space or shrinkage, or you want to allot that space for CD six by twelves or whatever. Things have really changed a lot, but there's still room for these seven inch single. It's not meant as a commercial venture, it's more of a co-operative and a statement and a way to get these bands heard.

D: Minneapolis used to be quite a hot spot for new music with the Replacements, Soul Asylum, and your band. Is it still that way? What's happening there now?

Bob: There was a real lull in activity. The Replacements, Soul Asylum, and Hüsker Dü really got a lot of attention, but now that everyone has diversified and gone on to do their own thing there hasn't really been that sense of community there once was. I think that all cities go through cycles of activity. I remember when Vancouver went through a cycle with D.O.A. and The Subhumans and that whole rush of bands back in '81 that were really big and popular all over North America. Since then there's been 54-40 and NoMeansNo and bands like that, but I'm sure the scene is not like it used to be up there seven or eight years ago.

D: It seems that the term "New Music" or "New Wave" is ten or twelve years old now and we're sitting around waiting for the next big thing. Right now funk and rap music are becoming really popular. How does this compare to the punk movement?

Bob: Well, that music is an interesting paradox to me. It deals with street issues, yet it's made in the basement with all these machines where you're totally isolated from it. It's an interesting conflict on an immediate level, that people are becoming obsessed with machines and sound that you can make all by yourself. I don't necessarily like it, but I try to understand what they are doing with it and I respect that.

D: Any closing thoughts from Bob Mould regarding his tour and his record?

Bob: I hope that if people come to the show they come with an open mind. That they come understanding that this is 1989 and not 1984 and don't expect a lot of the past. After all, I made the record with an open mind and an eye for the present.

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My friend Erna drops me off late after our visit to the Lesbian Film Festival. She wanted me to see the "other side", as she called it. Frankly, the whole affair left me a bit speechless. Did females have the desperately overcharged libidos that the films suggested? Perhaps I should reevaluate my notion that they are the "quiet" sex. As a male, I feel I am being challenged by the strength and independence modern women possess. A cup of tea might help.

Camomille is one of the real joys in my life. Where its faintly fruity aroma and taste originate from I can't guess. It soothes one, it contains no caffeine, it's full of vitamin C-it's an elixir for the age.

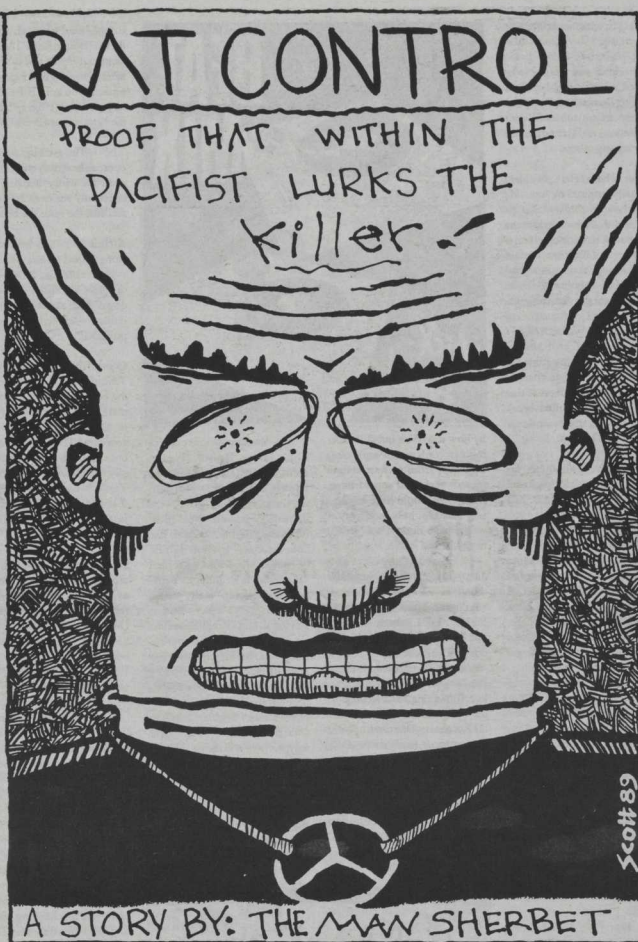
When I am awash in emotions and doubt - as I am now regarding the other sex - and my temples begin to bubble slightly like like they do before an exam, herbal tea works as a terrific sedative. But not tonight - tonight it's not enough. I'm afraid I'll need television to distract me.

Months ago, I began to resent the power TV had over my life. These days, with something like 500 channels to tempt you, our TV's have begun to take on personalities of their own. "What'll it be tonight, son? A bit of 'Nova'? A 'Cosby' spinoff? Come on, let's just see what colour tie Ted Koppel's wearing tonight, huh."

To quit television, I feel, is as necessary and difficult as kicking a debilitating drug habit. And as a junkie, one must avoid the old hangouts. I have to immediately rip up all cable company solicitations that come in the mail. I fear they might come up with an "Organic channel", promising to use recycled videotape or something. Imagine - the "Amnesty International Hour", "Mable's Macrobiotic Cookshow", "Wheel of Re-forestation"; these are programs probably being developed for TV now. It is wise, in my opinion, to get out.

Wiggling the coat hanger on top of my set, I hope to retrieve the Letterman show, once a favourite of mine before the General Electric corporation became involved. It's a re-run - Madonna and Sandra Bernhardt, plus some macho race car driver. Are "sensitive" men who give credence to women's issues passe like Alan Alda and the old Phil Donahue? I begin to reel in disillusionment. I need sleep.

SNAP! Rattle, rattle. Huh? Good gosh, the mousetrap. I had just started to doze off. A week ago I'd set a trap after discovering bananas left on my kitchen counter had been mysteriously nibbled. I suspect the mouse had returned. That little trap, according to the salesman, was guaranteed to finish the bugger off. I switch on a few lights and stroll into the kitchen wearing only my Stanfields. JEEZUZZ! A RAT! A rat as big as the yellow pages is lying stunned on my kitchen floor next to the mousetrap which it dwarfs. Oh God. My heart is pounding. In a minute it'll gain its wits and crawl back in the wall. Torment I know it'll be there waiting. I'll have to slip on boots every morning. I'll feel like a fucking firearm.



Boots! My mud-encrusted hiking boots are right within reach. Maybe I can steer the big bastard outdoors using them. I reach for the mud-encrusted trail-stompers, grab them by the backs, then dangle them over the rat, only to give it a gentle poke. JEEZUZZ! The bastard lurches at me, almost bites my hand! I swing my arm over my head, gripping hard. WHOMP! What am I doing? I must look like Pete Townshend. WHOMP! Mud chips flying all over my kitchen. Windmilling with mucky footwear. WHOMP! Then - a stillness. The rat is dead.

Oh, the horror. The HORROR! The Mess! I've killed. There's dirt eve-

rywhere. A rat with a flattened head looks at me with one dull eye, his snout bloody. The boots, cleaner now, drop to the floor. I must vacuum. I'm all sweaty. I've got the carcass the size of an urban phone directory lying on my kitchen floor. Pulling on a housecoat, I go outside in search of a shovel or rake from my landlady's toolshed - something to transport my prey, and get it the hell out of my kitchen.

With the efficiency of a nurse, I begin to tidy and dispose of the rodent. Instinctively, I treat the mousetrap with the same dry scrap of cheese. I imagine it's the toll afterwards that helps killers forget their brutal deeds. It may seem

hypocritical, since after all, I once wasn't a vegetarian, and, like most, as a kid I'd squashed a few insects. But I never imagined the sensation of killing before bashing the life out of a huge rat. My body tingles as though I'd drank 50 cups of coffee. I'm unable to sleep, so I snuck until dawn. Gluttony is always a symptom of guilt for me.

The next day I calmly recount the rat tale for my landlady. She pretends to be concerned, but she's sceptical that I'd killed a rat. A big mouse, she suggests. I don't bother to show her the "big mouse" that barely fits in the garbage can; I just want to forget the whole incident. I can understand the argument

for clemency in cases of man-slaughter. If some poor fool accidentally kills someone, or kills out of self-defense like I did, he or she should be able to get on with life.

If you saw my suite you'd think it is a pretty nice place, and in a nice neighbourhood, as well (certainly real estate people do these days). Honestly, it's not as though I live in or near a garbage dump. If I told you I'd had it out with a giant rat in my kitchen, you'd scoff. If I insist I did, and not with one overfed rat but two, you'd check my medical history. The sad truth is... I KILLED AGAIN.

Late Sunday morning, I sit writing a protest letter to Proctor and Gamble about their packaging that's crowding our landfills. I'm daydreaming, staring at the Save-the-Stein poster I'd recently hung on my wall. Then - SNAP! Again. Oh jeez. I can't deal with this. I put on my gumboots (steel shank), then stride anxiously to the kitchen. Another rat, but this time its skull is pinched in the mousetrap. It's eyes peer up from a dented brow; it probably has a helluva headache. I march upstairs to find my landlady and delegate rat disposal to her. Nobody home. Man! I go outside to get a shovel, maybe I can steer this one out; he can keep the mousetrap.

What happens next I'll attempt to describe. I prod my intruder diplomatically with a spade. It's desperately struggling to get out of the trap. It's going to get out of the trap any second and be real pissed at me. Come here you little bastard. I'm trying to direct it with the blade. My phone rings. I raise the spade. (Swing) BONG! Ring! Damn rats! (Swing) BONG! Ring! The Contr! Pinocetti! (Swing) BONG! Ring! Goddamned Lesbian Film Fest! (Vigorous deathblow) BONG! Ring! I jump for the phone. "Hello!" "Hi, we're just cleaning carpets in your area..." "I just killed a fuckin' rat!" "Oh, well, maybe, I - a rat?" "Yeah, you wanna clean that?" (Phone solicitor hangs up)

I shake with dismay. The phone bell had triggered a latent animal rage in me with Pavlovian perfection. Briefly, I pictured our rat as Ollie North, and dealt the fatal blow. There is more blood at the scene this time, but what would you expect when you bludgeon enormous rodents on linoleum? If you haven't heard it elsewhere, take it from me, killing does feel easier the second time around. One is not bereft of bad feelings, however, as I proceed to eat a stack of sandwiches in order to calm my nerves.

In the future, I'll be prepared for any other "visitors". Three massive traps with succulent pieces of cheddar and yummy rat poison are set around my place. Coincidentally, this situation helps me to see the sense in N.A.T.O. Like Europe, I'm ready, ever mobilized for the dread day, if it should come.

A strange consequence of all this is that I've become as virile as a bull mouse. No more wishy-washy notions about understanding women either. Red meat? Gimme a burger. TV? Give me Money Povich any day. Hell, I'm a hunter.

Rap, Hip Hop, Dub, House, Freestyle, Acid, Sample Work-out, New Beat, This Beat, That Beat, etc., etc. - the list goes on and on. Yes, there are a lot of different styles of dance music out there these days and you, the ever inquisitive listener, may be asking yourself - just how did it all start anyway? Where did it all come from?

Well, we here at Beat Mix seek to answer that question for you so this month we bring you the Beat Mix condensed version of the History of Break Beat Deejaying.

Break Beat deejaying is THE single most influential and innovative thing to happen to dance music in the last twenty years. You would be hard pressed to name me even ONE record produced for the dance floor these days that is not directly or indirectly influenced by Break Beat deejaying; and it all began with one guy - DJ Kool Herc.

Since I wasn't there myself I'll let someone who was tell us about it.

Afrika Bambaataa (early Hip Hop/Break Beat DJ, founder of the Zulu Nation, and creator of such classic records as "Looking for That Perfect Beat" and "Planet Rock"): "Everything started from street gangs. I was in a street gang called The Organisation. Besides being about violence and jitterbugging (rumbaing), we were also into socializing. We threw parties and dances and also put on concerts. When the gang scene died out, what was left were different party crews who were doing the entertaining at parties like the DJ's, emcees, and B-Boys. This was in 1975. A lot of people think it started in the South Bronx but officially it came from the West Bronx 'cause Kool Herc was from that area. After Herc it came over here to the South Bronx with myself and Flash."

"The Bronx, New York was the place Where Herc's tables spun. Yes there were DJ's in all the other boroughs, But like Herc there were none." D-ST from "The Home of Hip Hop" (Celluloid)

Afrika: "DJ Kool Herc was part of a gang called the Black Spades. They were from a part of the West Bronx that had a lot of West Indians living there. Herc, who was from a Jamaican family himself, was the first DJ to take the Jamaican dub style and adapt it into a soul funk thing. He was the first DJ to spin Break Beat records exclusively. Then together with the boys in

the Black Spades, he applied rap to the music."

Herc was the one who inspired all early hip hop DJ's including Bambaataa, Jazzy Jay (another early member of Bam's Zulu Nation) and Grandmaster Flash among others.

Afrika: "I heard Herc play and I was really inspired by him. He knows how to throw down B-Beats and that's how he got the reputation of being the godfather of hip hop rock. When I heard Herc, I heard music that he had that I had already in my house. So I said, I got the same thing he got...and when I graduated out of school, I got my system. I started playing in the street. I already had a large following from the gang era, so once I gave a party it was automatically packed. At that time, it was just called break music or wild style music or bebop music."

Afrika enlightens us further as to what exactly a Break Beat is: "Break music is that certain part of the record that you just be waiting for to come up and when that certain part comes... that percussion with all those drums, congas, it makes you dance real wild. You just let it so short in the record, you get mad because the break was not long enough for you to really get down to do your thing."

Herc was the one to figure out a solution to this problem. He took two copies of the same record and with two turntables and a mixer he would continuously mix these breaks back and forth, all the time keeping a steady beat going. Thus, he created extended "break versions" of the songs, satisfying the dancers' need to get down and do their thing for as long as they wanted. (This, of course, is where "breakdancing" comes from).

Jazzy Jay: "We'd find these beats, these heavy percussive beats, that would drive the people on the floor to break dance. A lot of times it would be a two-second spot, a drum beat, a drum break and we'd mix that back and forth, extend it, make it twenty minutes long."

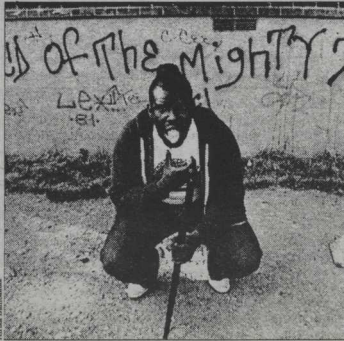
Of course these DJ's didn't stop at the idea of just extending the break of ONE song. They took bits and breaks from various records, mixing in and out between all of them to create their own unique mixes.

Afrika: "A DJ was judged not only by how well he mixed but



by how unknown but still rocking his records were. People came to these parties to hear certain records that a DJ would have. Kool Herc would have his certain cuts that he would play. I would have mine. Flash would have his."

Jazzy Jay: "That was the whole thing, the element of surprise, coming out with something new. Find a record nobody else has got, do a routine nobody else can do. That was what kept it going." **Afrika:** "I played whatever album you rock no matter what it was like TV ad jingles, the theme to the Pink Panther or the Winnie the Pooh song. One time the Zulu Nation had a battle of the DJ's with another crew. We opened up with a special mix of the theme from the Andy Griffith Show and blew their minds away. The Zulu Nation and I became known for playing wild and unconventional records along with top hits, all without losing the beat."



Afrika Bambaataa

Bongo Band which also gave us the hit "Bongo Rock." "Apache" came out in '73 and is still considered the top beat record of all time. If you are a B-Beat deejay and you don't have "Apache" then you are not a B-Beat deejay."

The growing popularity of break beat deejaying created a need for every budding DJ to constantly seek out all the right records, the rarer the better.

Afrika: "I bought the Incredible Bongo Band for a dollar. I made a fortune out of it. I had so many of those albums. I just walked down the street - twenty-two dollars, sell 'em right off, no problem."

Lenny Roberts (the man behind a compilation record series of all the best break tunes, "The Ultimate Breaks and Beats"): "I was in Downstairs Records (early source of Break Beat records) once, and I was fascinated. The guy was cleaning up on this shit. You'd be surprised at the money that was paid for these things - just for what - 10 seconds, 20 seconds of a record."

Jazzy Jay: "If you weren't in or around hip hop, you wouldn't ever have heard of a lot of these records. Records like "Apache" (Magic Disco Machine's) "Scratchin'" (Funkadelic). I'm talkin' about records like (Perez Prado's) "Mambo No. 5" - you could forget about it."

It was only natural that this amazingly fresh type of new music would become more popular as new innovations and techniques were soon brought to it, including scratching and 'quick-cutting'.

Afrika: "Grandmaster Flash started the quick cutting technique... he is one of the few who can cut and scratch smoothly enough to maintain a danceable beat. When scratching and cutting first came out every DJ was doing it and going wild. But what most were doing was too hard to follow and didn't keep a beat."

As with all innovative movements in music, the record companies ignored hip hop in the beginning, so the DJ's had to do whatever they could to get their music around.

Afrika: "A lot of cab drivers would buy the tapes of what we was playing for their customers. They would buy Grandmaster Flash, Afrika Bambaataa or Kool Herc music. This was our first thing of getting our music spread around."

Hip Hop started out as a style of deejaying but soon evolved into an entire culture of its own. DJ's didn't just play by themselves at parties; they had entire crews which included rappers, breakdancers, graffiti artists, and others. They developed whole intricate routines and shows, had battles against other crews, and eventually started putting out their own records. So it went and the rest, as they say, is history.

Recordings of this early stuff are hard to find but one archetypal piece of Break Beat deejaying that can be found and should definitely be checked out is Grandmaster Flash's "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel" (currently available around town as a limited edition CD single). This is absolute real hip hop deejaying, live and direct - turntables and a mixer without the use of samplers, sequencers, or any other fancy new technology. Flash takes eight or so different songs and mixes them into a mind-blowing 7 minute party of beats, cuts, scratches, snatches, raps and melodies with an immediacy and feel that really makes you dance in a way only a live jam could. All too rare these days of the technological short-cut.

Break Beat deejaying is THE basis for every sample-laden beat workout coming out nowadays, from Mel and Kim to MC Hammer to Meat Beat Manifesto and everything in between. All dance music in the late '80's uses ideas from, or owes a debt to, Break Beat deejaying. So next time you're out there on the dance floor gettin' down to do your thing and goin' wild to your favorite beats - think about Herc, Afrika, Flash, Jazzy Jay, and the others from the Bronx. They are the ones who brought the "break" beat to your feet.

"You see - the Bronx is the Home of Hip Hop. You don't have to believe it's true. And if you don't agree, don't listen to me. Just look what it's done to you Now, DANCE SUCKER!" D-ST - "The Home of Hip Hop"

(Sources: Village Voice, Jan. 19 1988 and "Breaking and the New York City Breakers" by Michael Holman. Also thanks to Home Taping International).

Mick Hard deejays the Boppatron Show Fridays 9:00pm to 12:30am on CTR.

Leather. Everybody loves it. After all, what could be better than wearing a piece of dead animal skin, dried, stretched and rubbed with cows' brains (or reasonable chemical facsimile)? God knows, you can't shake a hoof downtown these days without poking a leather (or "leather-look") something-gorther right in the epidermis. But where do you go when you want truly bitchin' leather, the kind that gives you piss shivers/justsmellin' it? Mack's, natch. I went down to the Granville Mall to talk with owner Paul about leather and other things too.

How did you get into leather? I bought the store, Mack McKinnon (the original owner) died a year ago today, and I was just a customer here every once in a while and then my wife came in to get something made up and asked what was going to happen with the store, this was after he passed away, and someone said it was for sale and we ended up buying it. It's a more fun business than other businesses.

How did Mack get into it? It was his gift!

So what do you like about leather?

Leather... It's not like I have a particular leather fetish. It's a nice material to work with, people look nice in it. I mean, we're not just a leather store, we're an S & M store in a lot of ways too. Now that's a little more interesting. Is there a big market for that in Vancouver?

The store's still going. Big enough market. Not only that, Mack McKinnon made a really quality product and the store is well-known right across North America as one of the best leather shops of this kind; making these kind of articles. So our market is not just Vancouver, our market is, well, the Pacific Northwest definitely, there isn't a shop like this before you hit San Francisco. We have people come up from Seattle and Portland constantly buying things here. So it isn't just a Vancouver market. And Calgary and Edmonton... we get a lot of clientele from out of town.

And what kind of people are coming in here? I'd say half our clientele was gay men and the rest is a mishmash of everything. There's a lot of perverts out there. I should hope so, anyway.

Is there any particular age group? Well we don't get a lot of people, say, in their late teens/early twenties. Those people are still unsure of their sexuality and whatnot so they don't normally

come into the store. And also they don't have a lot of money and leather costs money.

What kind of leather do you use?

It's mostly cowhide. Is that the best?

It depends on for what purpose. If you were going to make yourself a heavy jacket and you wanted it to be really heavy duty, I'd probably try to get hold of a horse hide or a mule hide but, generally speaking, most leather is cowhide and it's good for what it's used for. Lamb skin doesn't last long but they have a million and one different colours; people really like that these days but it doesn't last worth a shit.

What do you think about coloured leather?

Black is coloured; black is a colour.

Is black the best?

Well, the problem with other colours is that they're fashion accessories. Black is irrelevant of fashion.

Do they use the same cows for leather they do for meat?

Yep, it's the same. Actually in the animal industry, producing beef and everything else, it's one of the few places where there isn't much waste. Almost everything's used for one thing or another. It's a lot better than let's say your alternative industries, plastics or the likes. But animals don't waste much.

And how many cows would it take to make a coat?

Depends on the coat, depends how big it is, depends on the person you're fitting. But it wouldn't take a whole cow. You probably can get two coats out of a cow.

And where would the leather come from, the back or the sides? Can you use the legs and everything?

Everything. The hides are taken from the bellies and the backs. What's your most popular item?

Cockrings are big sellers.

Have you noticed any trends; do you think it's going to be different in the nineties?

Black leather's always going to be in fashion to some degree. There's a black leather look and that's always going to be somewhat there.

Why do you think people like it so much?

Well it's a macho tough thing and whatever. It's rebellious, it's radical, it's a lot of things. Also looks good on lily-white bodies.

Do you have lots of leather?

Yeah, I'm starting to get quite a collection now.

And you wear it all the time, or do you save it for special occasions?

I usually save it for when I party.



Are there leather conventions?

Yeah, Living in Leather was just held at the beginning of October down in Portland. It's a big trade convention, gathering of people into leather and S&M.

So where's the big leather centres in the world today?

Frisco, New York, LA, I guess those are them. London.

Are there any really well known leather craftspeople?

Depends on the item. Jay Marsden's really well known as a whipmaker. He's considered maybe the best whipmaker in North America anyway. Different people are known for different items. Lee Wells is very well known for her studwork.

Is there a newsletter you can get to find out more about leather?

There are groups, there are specific leather clubs here in Vancouver where you could join and learn more or whatever.

How would you find out about them?

Here at the store.

And what would you do at a leather club?

Different things, some things I wouldn't mention...because there are groups of people who think they should be able to tell other people how to run their lives and they have the say with the Conservatives in power. There's been a rape clamdown on certain aspects of peoples' private lives. Some things just aren't discussed.

You're not allowed to publicly depict bondage. I'm not allowed to put one of my dummies in handcuffs because that's considered illegal, immoral.

Do you think that's silliness?

I don't think it should be anyone's business what other people

do. Public depictions of bondage, there's enough Christa hanging down from crosses all the time. I don't think it's fair but that's the way the world is and you've gotta live within it's rules. If you wanna make waves you're always gonna suffer grief for it.

But your window displays are always pretty interesting.

Oh yeah, we try to peak people's interest. We try to scare people a bit; people like that.

Do you think there's a certain scariness inherent in leather you're trying to bring out?

Oh, not just in leather, in BLACK leather...And the lifestyle. It scares and titillates. It certainly catches the public's eye.

What about piercing, how did you get into that?

I just thought it was a rather interesting idea.

How long have you been doing it?

A few years now; three, four years.

And where do you learn to do something like this?

You learn by doing, you learn by reading, there's videos you can get your hands on that show you how to do it. Having willing friends helps.

People just let you practice on them and weren't worried or scared?

There's a certain level of trust involved.

Is it getting more popular?

Oh, definitely.

Why do you think that is?

People have a body, they want to decorate it. They're getting away from the idea that the only place you can hang an earring is your ear. Ten years ago a man with an earring was considered really wild and now people are hanging

their earrings from anywhere. People are always looking for something new and radical to do.

Piercings are fun, they tend to sensitize the area that pierced; it's a way of personalizing your body. It's not very different than tattooing except it's not as permanent. You can always take the ring out.

And it'll grow over for sure?

Well, it depends. You can really stretch out your piercing so it'll never close up completely.

Is there any health risk in this?

Well poking a hole in anybody's body is always a little risky. If people take care of it there shouldn't be any health risk.

Some people will react badly against stainless steel or against gold but even if you got an earring that could happen. The risk is in the healing process; depending on the piercing it can take up to a year.

That's a long time!

It depends on the person too. If the person takes care of it, well, it should be all right.

Who comes in to get pierced?

All kinds.

More men or women?

More men. Definitely more men. It's more prevalent among gay men to have piercings than probably any other group in society but I think that will change in time. Usually gay men do everything before everyone else does.

What's your most popular piercing?

Nipples. Nipples are really the most common. Genital piercings aren't all that common.

Would you rather do someone you know or don't know?

Sometimes I might enjoy doing the piercing more if it's a friend, doing it for them, but pretty well it's a job; I like doing it. I guess I enjoy piercing women more than men but that's probably my own sexual preferences.

Does that make your wife jealous?

No, I'm professional about it. I can't afford to be a leech while doing them (laughs). I have to pay attention.

Do you need a license for doing piercings or does anyone really know you do it?

I don't know if anyone really knows. You can get your ears pierced in a beauty shop and they're not licenced any more than anyone else is. It's just an unlicenced area in the public. A person can't blame me for their own lack of care any more than if you go in for day time surgery at the hospital and then proceed to muck it up; you can't really sue the doctor...You have a level of responsibility yourself to take care of yourself. I feel as long as I do a good job it's up to the person themselves.

Do you get a lot of repeat customers?

Yeah, usually you have one piercing you can have a dozen.

How do people find out about you?

I advertise. I'm not sure if that's where the response is or just from word of mouth...that's becoming increasingly true.

How much does it cost?

It costs \$25 a piercing, it doesn't matter where.

That's pretty cheap!

Uh huh. Jewellery's extra.

Is there any jewellery that's more popular than others?

Rings are the biggest. For something like a nipple piercing, they're the only thing to do because you have to clean it and to clean it you have to move the ring through. You just can't do that with, let's say, a barbell.

How long have people been getting pierced, forever?

Yeah, pretty well as long as they've been getting tattooed and everything else. Some piercings have longer histories than others. There's a particular piercing called the Prince Albert that's named after the consort of Queen Victoria...it was done for fashion. They used to wear really tight clothes back in the 1840s or so and men's clothes would be very tight and on the other hand they were very puritanical sexually; you couldn't have a bulge of genitals showing so they did a piercing of the end of the penis to tie back the penis so it wouldn't show in these clothes...There's a piercing called an ampalong that goes right through the head of the penis; it was done by a tribe in Borneo and most women wouldn't have sex with a man unless he had one because it was supposed to be so enjoyable for women.

That's unusual that the men would actually do it!

Yep.

What's the weirdest request you've had?

We once had someone come in who asked to be castrated and we said no we wouldn't. We're not in that business.

Do you find a lot of women are doing it for their men?

People do things for other people but if you mean are people being browbeaten into it, no, not very often. A dominant man will come in by himself and buy it and have his scene at home rather than trying to do a public scene. If anything, it's more like we've seen submissive men come in with women and the woman tells the man to buy this, buy that, or they're sent on buying expeditions by their dominatrices.

So this whole store would be part of someone's fantasy?

Could be, could be.



The past decade or so has seen the emergence of some very interesting and successful comics. A huge new field of writers, artists, and publishers has pushed its way into the view of a growing, older audience visually well-versed in the ever-increasing sophistication of home entertainment. That comics can survive in competition with the growing spectrum of electronic media is surprising only to the naive minds of the West.

by Den Lebel

In the center of world comic production, the Japanese produce comics as a direct extension of the television, film, and animation industries. In Japan, there are comics produced for everyone, and thus, everyone reads comics. As an integral part of the whole entertainment industry, they display the same level of sophistication and style seen in film, video, and music. Consequently, success for a Japanese cartoonist is measured by the same standards as those for radio or television.

The evolution of an independent system of distribution and the growing support of the new American comic publishers for more mature comics, has begun to create a diversity of comics comparable to that in Europe and Japan. A scene of increasing visual and narrative sophistication has arisen in North America and Britain. But for sheer magnitude, there is no comic scene in the world that can compare with Japan's. The increasing number of re-packaged English translations of major Japanese comics has finally introduced the West to the best. The narrative potential of the comic form has been elevated to a level of complexity formerly limited to Russian novels. From this flood of brilliant work, the virtuoso genius of the current world comic scene has emerged, and OTOMO is his name.

AKIRA

This is a work of such seamless mastery, it makes storytelling look effortless and illustration, second nature to us all. The fact is, however, that Katsuhiro Otomo is a consummate draftsman and stupendous visual narrator.

AKIRA tells the story of a post-holocaust society that is unsettlingly similar to the reality of contemporary Japan. Otomo suggests that Japanese society is so unconditionally urbanized that it is maintained even after a nuclear war.

The story follows a group of young motorcycle punks from the streets of Neo-Tokyo led by the roguish Kaneda. Kaneda and his companions are entangled in an elaborate military conspiracy and a rebel movement to expose the secret of AKIRA. The secret involves the military use of telekinetic mutants with power on a thermonuclear scale. When Kaneda's best friend is revealed to be the latest mutant, discovered in a chance meeting with the military and an escaped mutant, Kaneda becomes caught up in the rebel movement to expose the secrets of telekinesis.

This is a meticulously detailed fast-paced story that reaches from the seamiest back alley night clubs to the high citadels of political and military intrigue. Otomo's metaphor of an awakening power is a perfect reflection of his own incomparable ability. Otomo reveals a path to freedom, not through revolution, but through personal maturation and the discovery of one's individual talents.

LONE WOLF & CUB

One of the first Japanese "manga" to hit the English language market, this hugely successful samurai epic by Kazuo Koike and Goseki Kojima has run for years in Japan. This series has all of the visual excitement and historical accuracy of a good Kurosawa samurai film and explores the philosophical and physical struggles of a disgraced samurai who has become

an assassin. The intensely masculine samurai ethics are both puzzling and fascinating to us as we watch them with both admiration and anxiety.

Lone Wolf and Cub represents the tradition of cinematic historical adventure drama that has spearheaded the narrative direction of Japanese comics for decades. The dense line work and explosive page design make this a standard favorite of comic professionals and manga-philosophers alike. Having been produced for some twenty years in Japan, there is a vast body of work yet to see translation.

MAI THE PSYCHIC GIRL

Another of the first Japanese comics brought to America by Eclipse comics, Mai, by Kazuya Kudo and Ryoichi Nagai, is being re-released in three trade paperback editions that cover up to, and beyond, where the first English comics series ended. This story revolves around an upper-middle class school girl whose father is entangled in a rather international conspiracy involving psychic and telekinetic beings.

Mai, who has developed her powers in secret, is caught in the struggle between rival organizations using psychic power and agents to secure world domination. Mai represents a common Japanese convention toward female protagonists in science fiction adventure comics, and is a favorite of female readers new to comics. Since the hero is a young school girl, we avoid some of the standard adventure story grinding of teeth and rending of flesh, although Mai is surrounded by a good number of ruggedly handsome allies, who do manage to get in some flesh-rending and tooth-grinding along the way.



GREY

This was the first Japanese comic that really excited me. The bold minimalism of its graphics and the stark futuristic landscape of Grey, by Yoshihisa Tagami, shows what comics can do.

Tagami's landscape is a sobering look at possible outcomes of industrial civilization - the world as a desert wasteland scattered with nameless cities populated by "citizens" and surrounded by the starving unwanted "people". For Grey and his lover, Lips, the only hope for entry into the city is through service in the urban military. Through a period of service they are promoted through ranks when they meet specific quotas of enemies killed - enemies being the military of each of the other cities around the world. The battle field is the wasteland Earth, a stage on which to perform the perpetual rituals of violence and competition, stripped down to its last resource - space itself.

Grey joins the military service only after Lips leaves him to take her lottery chances for security in the military and is killed on her first operation. The cold executive leader of privilege and achievement is where Grey - also the colour of the ocean in this lifeless world - exchanges his struggle for survival for the relentless climb to the top of the industrial pyramid.

Grey becomes a legendary soldier in the service of town 303, rising up quickly through the military ranks towards citizenship. Yet, he abandons his chances at citizenship when he steals transportation to search for his commanding officer, lost in combat and presumed dead. He discovers that the rebel re-

sistance fighters were the attackers and targets the top of the resistance.

Grey's quest for understanding becomes a video game gauntlet of more and more advanced military technology. Grey, the hero, becomes only a player, who, by mastering the game, hopes to overturn the game itself. The climax for Grey is similar to winning extra video games. Once you have beaten the biggest challenge on the last level, the game loses its appeal. The only revelation Grey gains is that his world is merely the residual pattern of the game of industrial civilization. A cold kind of insight. Tagami shows us, in a manner so compelling it seems inevitable, that the game will continue as he proposes it. Yet, having lost everything else, will the people not choose death over boredom?

NASICAA OF THE VALLEY OF THE WIND

Considered, by many, to be the best fantasy comic book on the market today, NASICAA by Hayao Miyazaki, is the story of a dune-like epic in which a young chieftain's daughter leads her people toward a new relationship with the now, mutated and deadly toxic biosphere. This is an intricate and meticulously detailed work done in a very fluid and dynamic cartoon style that unfolds a fascinating and well-conceived mythical anthropology.

Nasicaa's village becomes caught up in the wars of the great quasi-medieval empires that arose after the "five days of fire". Miyazaki develops an almost overwhelmingly elaborate post-holocaust society of royal courts, aristocratic schemes, and great armies and fleets of flying machines. The story

hinges on the quest of the emperor to re-discover the secrets of the war machines that, in ancient days, devastated the world in the five-day nuclear war.

Nasicaa, who has a psychic connection to the gigantic mutant insects that roam the toxic forests spreading poisonous spores closer and closer to the small human settlements, hopes to preserve the human race. By reversing the environmental conflict so that it is humanity that is endangered, Miyazaki imaginatively and entertainingly alters our perspective on the environmental issue.

Like Akira, Nasicaa represents a very intelligent and creative use of the comic book form and explores a far wider and more fully realized narrative scope than the comics of the English-speaking world. Both will raise the overall awareness of the Western world's comic scene beyond the boundaries of cliché and the mechanical reproduction of characters that exist purely as emblems of corporate interests.

We can look forward to seeing the influence of the novelistic scope and bold cinematic style of these Japanese works on the evolving North American comic scene. But, in that there currently exists no group of professional comic book artists/writers that cut their teeth on the more expansive narrative space of the Japanese style, it is a question of a new group of young artists coming forth to fulfill audience expectations of a more sophisticated comic story-telling style. This opens up a tremendous opportunity for a new generation of creative people to find a secure voice within contemporary media - a wide-open avenue for cultural expression and interaction, limited only by our self-motivation.

Chiefs of Belief
Memory Day
Strange But True
Town Pump

Thursday November 9th

Three bucks to see three bands isn't a whack of money—you'd be lucky to get in a houseparty for that sort of a cover. Even better, free tickets can usually be found at record stores around town for local band showcases such as this.

The **Chiefs of Belief** opened up the night. They definitively have their own sound—Cure-esque vocals with driving ostinato bass and drums all rounded out with some schlocky keyboards. The overall effect was pretty solid and danceworthy, although their opening position on the bill meant it was a little early in the evening to expect a mass exodus to the floor.

The band's major shortcomings are songs that are short on textural variety and keyboards that don't fully capitalize on the absence of other treble instruments. Keyboardist Chris McLeod relies too heavily on generic synth patches and has a tendency to play a bunch of sustained notes which fail to play off the tight rhythm work of bassist Dave Hart and drummer Dan Hickey. A band with no guitar or horns is basically a blank cheque for a keyboardist.

While Dave Hart's riff rifle bass work and Tony Hazel's vociferous vocals make for memorable listening, the band seems a tad too comfortable with this formula. Whether they're

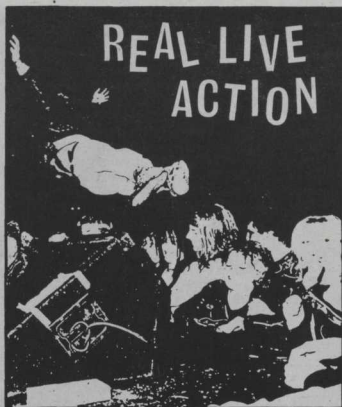
dealing with a grim matter like Salvadoran death squads or just having a poke at masturbation, the songs all sound pretty much alike. But at least they sound good.

The next band, **Memory Day**, put on a much more traditional type of rock show, which isn't surprising given their two guitars, bass, drums and vocals lineup. This band is a 70's music fan's dream come true. These days, where else can you still hear a wawa pedal guitar solo?

The band played a wide variety of songs, few of which were conducive to dancing. Harps, flat-tops, harmony vocals and flanger pedals all had a turn on stage. The performance was very tight and consistent, although the music could hardly be called avant-garde.

Strange But True weren't much like their name, although it did seem a little odd that their Yamaha QX-1 managed to play itself. They played the type of hard hitting rock that's usually heard in clubs where the waitresses wear leather skirts and the customers aren't really there to hear the music—flashy four bar lead breaks there and gone like a sparkler, and a singer who knows how to beat use his long hair as a prop.

Unfortunately, the amazing wonderboards required drummer Doug McBride to spend the set wired into the synth click track lest the songs were to break down. Being charged with the responsibility of concealing the non-existence of the band's key-



boardist seemed to have left McBride a tad nervous—he stared blankly ahead into space for most of the set.

Strange But True won't win any popularity contests with the people who want something a little different, but the band is more than competent at their trade. If you've ever been to the Midnight Express in Prince George and enjoyed yourself, this could be your type of music. S.C.

Timbuk 3
Town Pump
Sunday, October 22

Timbuk 3 seemed like the right type of performers for this tranquil Sunday night crowd at the Pump. No one knew how the evening would start since the name of the scheduled "special guests" was unknown. It turned out to be **No Fun, Surrey's** homegrown talent was entertaining as usual, especially their hilarious "Gorgo" ads. Lead singer David M., clothed in the unusual attire of a bathrobe, claimed the group was called at the last minute to play the gig.

Not requiring much of a setup, **Timbuk 3** came on shortly after the openers, and without a word, went right into their first number, "B-side of Life" from their third and latest LP, *Edge of Allegiance*. The crowd cheered as lead singer Pat MacDonald combined guitar and harmonica while wife Barbara K shook the tambourine and provided backing vocals. They followed with two more from the new album and then the more popular "Reverend Jack and his Roamin' Cadillac Church" from the band's second release, *Eden Alley*. But somehow it sounded different; no beat-box rhythms! Following this song, Pat MacDonald an-

nounced they had decided to try a few gigs WITHOUT their rhythm tracks as an experiment. The crowds reaction was mixed.

Nevertheless, **Timbuk 3** delivered a fine combination of tunes from all three of their albums, including their 1986 hits, "Life is Hard" and "The Future's so Bright, I gotta Wear Shades". Pat was lead vocal for most of the evening, except for "Facts about Cats" for which Barbara took the lead.

It was a good overall performance. The crowd's reaction was strong enough for two encores. The group wrapped up the show with another one of their popular 1986 songs, "Hairstyles and Attitudes".

With the new album being more socio-political, I expected a few words of wisdom between songs. Instead, **Timbuk 3** concentrated on just playing and entertaining.

Claude de Leseleuc

Nice Strong Arm
Lubricated Goat
Club Soda
Sunday, October 29th

Yeah. **Club Soda** continued its ultra-cheap Sunday independent type nights with two relatively unknown but worthwhile bands on their first swing through town.

Australia's Lubricated Goat opened things up with their feedback-laden vision of some twisted sexual apocalypse. Singer Stu Spasm screamed guttural perversities over a genuine tribal-dissonant-grungefest. Kinda like a slightly more coherent **Pussy Galore**. Onstage the Goat was somewhat less menacing than expected judging by their music, and the lyrics were for the most part obliterated in the mix. Oh well.

Considerably more complex but no less subtle, were **Texas' Nice Strong Arm**. A three-piece with an impressive musical wallp, NSA suffers the same drawback as many of their Homestead labelmates—they make powerful, unique music but should not be allowed remotely close to a microphone. A bit of a harsh judgment perhaps, as every now and then music and voices would merge into something kinda special. But more often than not it seemed like a hyperbolic exercise in pretentiousness; overly poetic lyrics delivered with way more angst than they deserved.

Not to be too nasty, **Nice Strong Arm's** music more than made up for the vocal shortcomings. The interplay between guitar, bass, and drums seemed inseparably entwined but never "too tight". Guitarist Kevin had an amazing array of sounds; all spastically delivered with a controlled abandon. His jumping around and freaking out seemed a bit forced, possibly to compensate for the fact almost nobody was familiar with their music. Whatever, a pretty minor complaint.

Neither band managed to command much outward respect from the audience. It seemed the only people on the floor were either pumpkin-wrestling drunks or suffering from nosebleeds. Occasionally an excitable female or two would stumble up and show their appreciation with some calculated pelvic thrusts. Most of the crowd

were saving their attention for the pumpkin-carving contest results at the show's end, whereupon everyone embraced the orange-polluted stage in search of twenty-five bucks. A metallic pumpkin was squished, tempers flared, and a kooky evening ended that way.

Keith Parry

Ludwigs
Town Pump
Thursday, October 5th

Hey, I really like these guys! They can play intense driving rock and roll without trying to effect a bad ass attitude. It's great to see a group of very serious musicians with this level of energy that know how to ride a tight sweaty rhythm to a volcanic crescendo—then bring you back wanting more.

The **Ludwigs** put on a very strong show for a widely mixed crowd. Sandwiched between a quite professional R&B style band, who put on a good show for the suburbanites, and the younger pop and paisley party mood of **Second Nature**, the **Ludwigs** kicked the energy level of the house into the stratosphere for one strong, well-structured set. It took the audience a few times to catch on but they were soon up and dancing to some very clever funky rhythms and some of the most outright orgasmic rock and roll I've ever heard. An excellent show by a relatively new band already developing a bit of a reputation as strong, experienced musicians.

Den Lebel



Strange But True photo: Loren Taylor

Nice Strong Arm photo: Loren Taylor

Well, Skinny Puppy won this year's CASBY award for Best Independent Band. Not that I'd say anything negative about them (I've heard all about their methods of revenge), but doesn't that make you wonder about the way the CASBYs decide who gets classified as "Independent"?

Rockabilly fans should watch for a new supergroup that's just formed here in Vancouver, Jimmy Roy and his Four Star Hillbillies. Jimmy Roy used to play with the Stingin' Hornets (only then I think he was known as Jamie), and he'll be joining up with Randy Mair, Steve McLeva (of Red Herring fame) and stand-up bass-player extraordinaire Ronnie Hayward. I was surprised to see Ronnie at the Railwayone Shindig night, since the last I'd heard he was touring all over the States as the newest member of the Tailgators. Anyway, it seems that the Tailgators' record company wanted him to start playing electric bass, so now he's back in Vancouver where he has the artistic freedom to clamber all over his instrument.

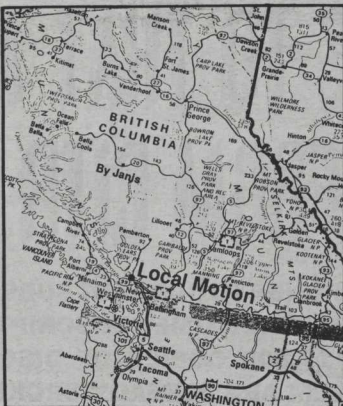
Speaking of Shindig, I think the best night so far this year was November 6th, when Planet of Spiders battled it out with Mary and Black Earth. For a change all three really deserved to go to the semis, but it

was Black Earth who won in the end, at least partly thanks to the way they stayed cool and witty in the face of technical disasters. They may be the first band in Shindig history to get anywhere with a double-kick setup and they didn't know they'd be playing until that afternoon. Obviously it doesn't hurt if a band member tells the best joke of the evening, either (What's a cross between a Jehovah's Witness and a biker?)....

Mary, an angrier sort of band, was also plagued by technical problems, and the singer was stuck with his back-up guitar (a Kramer) for most of the set, while Planet of Spiders (who reminded me of a slightly harder Picasso Set, without keyboards), though they didn't break any strings or blow up amps, suffered a little when the singer put down his SG. In spite of these little setbacks, all in all, it was a great night.

Now that it's really winter, Dale and I are getting buried in demo tapes. Here's a sampling of what's come in this month:

@#*&! (Pronounced "Cartoon Swear") - "Shoes" The winners of '89 Shindig's first semi-finals, these three guys



definitely have their own sound and a lot of energy. On the downside of their appearance at the semis, the big physical space between the bass player and guitarist invited the idea that this band needs someone to front it. Unfortunately, the doubled vocals on this recording give a sort of cluttered effect that doesn't show up live, and this is a pretty

repetitive song. Catch them at the finals.

Oh Yeah - "Daily Fear of Dying" I thought we'd heard the last of the Smiths-inspired bands, but apparently not. Although this is quite a nice recording, and the band goes so far as to include a female backup singer and a bit of flute for prettiness,

this is really too much like Morrissey for my taste. A very controlled, subdued, and I guess you could say professional interpretation of angst. And we know there's a big market for that, right?

Glee - "Nordic Prince" This band, whose members include former (Merry) Pranksters, plays music that's about as un-commercial as it gets. Imagine a drunken and sometimes belligerent lounge-slash-polka band and you won't be too far from the mark. I missed Glee at Shindig but heard some quite differing opinions—at least one audience member thought they should lose the singer, or at least get him to tone down the misogyny. Other people, needless to say, think that Glee are the greatest.

Endorphins - "Zen Bones" Just for a change, I thought I'd review a tape from Outer Cove, Newfoundland. Maybe it's just that I know they're from the Maritimes, but I can't help thinking that there's someone in this band who sounds like Rita MacNeil. Actually, their sound is more Spirit of the West meets the Celebrity Drunks—pretty Celtic instrumentals with a male singer who's loud and sounds really loaded a good part

of the time. We don't get many Newfoundland bands coming out this way, though, so I guess we'll never really know.

Shovled - "Great Pink State," "I'm Slowly Dying" This band from Victoria has a large following, and no wonder. They're loud and fast and young-sounding, they play really short songs, and even cover songs by Frank Zappa and Robert Fripp. I still have a problem with the whole concept of punk-funk-prog-rock fusion (aren't these forms supposed to be ideologically and musically opposed?) but obviously lots of other people don't. Just read the rave reviews in their press kit, and listen to the way CITR and other campus deejays praise Shovled to the skies.

Nowhere Blossoms - "Johnny and Suzie" This Edmonton band's tape sounds so crisp and clear that the treble can be too much. Their sound is unique too, a kind of sharp-edged Mamas and Papas feel with dulcimer, slide guitar, and digital delay. Actually, this works quite better than it probably sounds, although this song is a bit too complex to really fit into the "power pop" category the band uses to describe itself.

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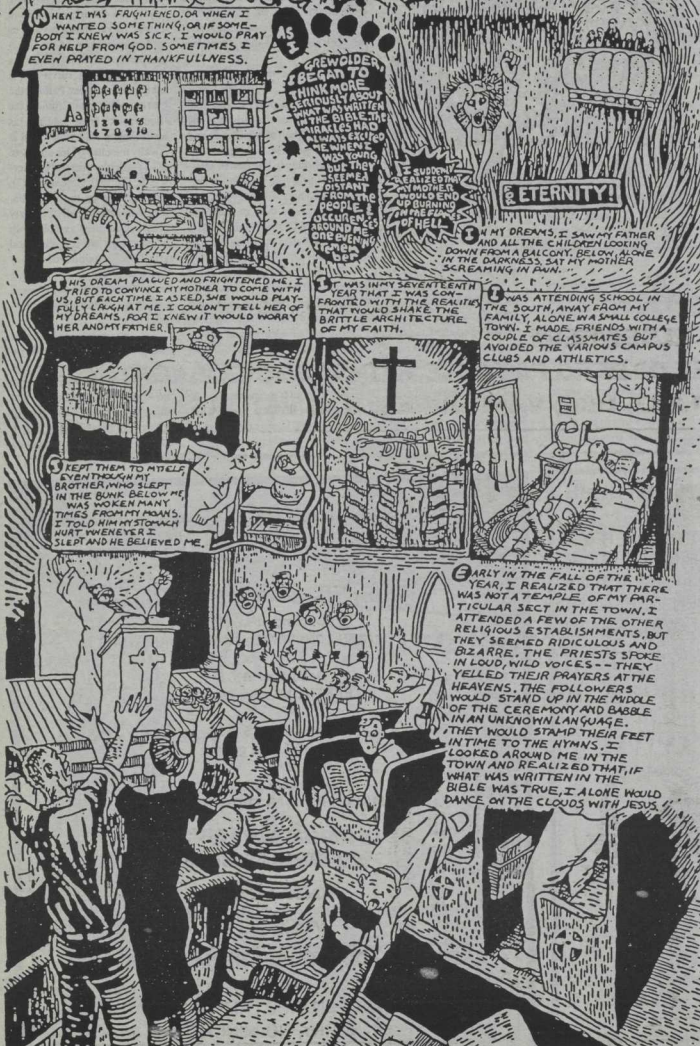
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In the last hours of the Nineteen Eighties, Last Gasp (the world's most infamous comic book publisher), offers up a group reunion in the corridors of the comic hall of fame in the form of Zap # 12.

In the late sixties, Zap was the first and certainly one of the most radical of the underground comic that crawled out of the San Francisco Bay area pop/art scene. Such graphic heavyweights as R.Crumb and Spain helped define the popular culture of their time with a unique brand of twisted humour that roasted sacred cows on a fiery spit.



Twenty years later (sound familiar?) seven of that generation's grooviest creators have recombined their talents to put forth a new issue of their original exercise. Crumb, Spain, Rick Griffin, Victor Moscoso, S. Clay Wilson, Robert Williams, and Gilbert Shelton have taken the liberty of exhuming the corpse of comic past and in doing so try to walk a new mile on old turf. Do they suck seed? Well...

Some of these comic legends survive the ordeal while others are shown to be the celebrities they always hoped they would be. A clear example of the fatuous is Victor Moscoso, an artist whom you may remember from the film Comic Book Confidential. Moscoso's piece, entitled *The Artist and The Elves*, is a reworking of a classic fairy tale with a surprise ending that has as much impact as lint on a windshield. His drawing style seems vaguely reminiscent of Spain's, with thick lines, and heavy crosshatching, but with a definite lack of the master's sense of space and movement. This piece might have made him an star in 1969, but time moves on and, hopefully, so do we all.

At the other end, Trashman by Spain exudes the cynical lyricism I have come to expect from this trifling artist. In this comic, Spain's perverse political fable is set in a not too distant future where U.N. roadblocks exist in most major American cities. Our hero, the archetypal Trashman, continues his unending mission as the defender of his own truth. An exciting story combined with elegant design sense and attention to graphic detail makes for one of the best reads of this year and certifies Spain as one of the creators working in the comic medium



today.

If you're into social notes from the fringes of hell, you must meet S. Clay Wilson. The true heir to William Seward Burroughs in the graphic form, S. Clay Wilson is the strangest person to ever pick up a pencil. Somebody at Last Gasp got smart and gave the maniac three single poster pages, a two page strip of the Checker'd Demon and a double page poster on the staple

page. Hoo-boy!

Wilson's world is filled with six foot leprechauns, renegade tattoo artists, brain eating mutants, epicurean contortionists, bat-winged mind reapers, pre-moisturized humanoid (female and male), and a host of other sickly and sordid types. In fact, the whole collection is so warped that I'm inclined to believe that ol' S. Clay is probably a rather, upright, moral fellow.

Wilson's eye has the depth potential of an electron microscope and his vision of the world owes a lot to Danie, whoopee cushions, cheap pornography, roller derby interviews, and vomit bags. His main squeeze, the Checker'd Demon, might be considered a feminist nightmare but the sexist attitudes expressed are so juvenile and junior G-man in rendering that high satire is the only avenue of escape.

Next up, Robert 'The Blasphemer' Williams, who supplies the project with two clever stories that advance the cause of libertarian paranoia and evolving social strategies. His first offering is *The Boned Man*, a tale involving a secret technocratic society led by seven ruling patroners and their nemesis the Prince of Global Bohemia. The Boned Man is a chilling satire of present day media technocracy and their masters the political elite, and as such, is a fast paced production designed to inspire all red blooded intellectuals to roll up their sleeves and have a good think. Williams' second feature is a tricky two-page scholarly survey on the state of foul language that seems perhaps to clever for it's own good. All in all, though, based on his current work it's safe to praise Bob.

A two page artist's jam

that the creator's produced for a group exhibition at the New York Gallery The Psychedelic Solution is strictly a novelty item. All seven of the cartoonists dip their pens and squiggle for a giggle, but nothing significant emerges.

What is significant is the triumph of R. Crumb who concludes this issue with a howling inquiry into the origins of art and artists. Cave Wimp works as satire and critique of the negative perceptions that greet artists as they aspire to survive in a hostile environment. Perhaps the best eye of his time, Crumb is the 'funnybook' artist sublime, as his technical skill with a pen is equally matched by his ability to tell a story (the man truly understands sex and violence, ok?). Observations on the masturbatory self-loathing of the early artist and the artist's relationship to patronage are revealing and affecting. The politics of art may well have begun in neolithic times and Crumb has managed to recreate the process in a powerful piece.

Basically, the comic stacks up as a careening ride on the social cycle produced by acid heads who have never recovered. Powerful yet erratic, erotic and thus controversial, while staying true to it's times, Zap # 12 is a must read for the comic fan of the near nineties.

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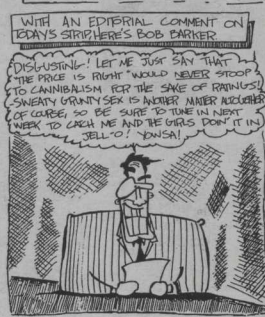
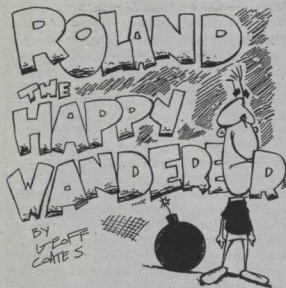
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The Young Gods
L'eau Rouge
(Play It Again Sam)

This Swiss group humbly calls itself The Young Gods. After listening to *L'eau Rouge*, atheism looks better than ever. The album's obvious goal is to create an apocalyptic, nerve-shattering, prot-punk rendering of the post-industrial world. The result is a rapid, overwrought example of contrived angst and mediocre musicianship.

The Young Gods beckon their disciples to wade through a slough of chaotic, mechanical dissonance in a bleak atmosphere of morose fatalism. Unfortunately, the listener never attains salvation, or enlightenment, because he/she gets stuck in a mire of ridiculous theatrics. Everything seems too staged in this religious experience. We have all heard this type of thing before, and, apparently, so have The Young Gods, who evoke the vocabulary of hopelessness and gloom, are merely formulaic and unimaginative.

"La fille de la mort" (the most original of the ten tracks) begins with the calliope-like sounds of a carnival, luring the listener into a musical horror house audible in the background. Once inside, the show begins. "Rue des Tempêtes" is paved with an uneven concoction of grating vocals and blundering, misused guitar. "L'eau Rouge" fills the ear with a vomiting noise, and little else. The vocals in "ville morte", "les enfants", and "l'amour" depict repetitive, hackneyed images of gruesome reality and crumbling civilization while the guitars and drums melodramatically climax and decline like a poorly performed Wagnerian opera.

This flaccid attempt at societal deconstruction falls short

of its goal because it is a maudlin, conventionalized statement on a clichéd theme. Ça me fait vraiment chier!

Will Reith

Wire
It's Beginning To and Back Again
(Enigma)

Those familiar with Wire know that for the past fourteen years it has been one of the most innovative pop groups, and gas also had a limited degree of influence upon other pop musicians, most notably R.E.M. However, the Wire of yesteryear is quite different than post-1987 Wire. Gone is the spontaneous energy, and pathos of 154 (1979), and pre-conceived genius of *The Ideal Copy* (1987). It appears that Wire is well past its peak of creativity, and has begun to rely on formula. Perhaps they have stretched their oblique strategies to the limit. Wire's last album, *A Bell Is a Cup...*, simply sounded flat and forced. "BTABA", their latest album, exemplifies this disintegration of creativity.

Since 1987, Wire seems to have had as their goal an album every year. For *BTABA* it looks as if they ran out of material. For the most part, the LP is a compilation of re-mixed live versions of songs from the past two albums. This re-mixing was meant to shed new light on the chosen compositions, but for the most part it doesn't succeed. The version of "Public Place", for example, could only be stimulating after administering a heavy dose of hallucinogens. If there is, however, something worth hearing on "BTABA", it has to be Wire's supercool "hip-hop" experiment, "Illuminated". This song incorporates the coolest "beat-box" sounds, and sampling, with Wire's idiosyncratic "atmospheric" guitar, and clever rhythms. It's perhaps fitting that a band born of punk may have, if only half jokingly, taken on the



important (movement?) of the 1980s - hip-hop. This may be a beam of light at the end of a long, dark tunnel for Wire to pursue.

Patrick Sampler

The Only Ones
Live In London
(Skyd Records)

This record, released some ten years after the fact, features a fine band who were swept up in the UK new wave explosion of the seventies. While not punk, The Only Ones delivered some extremely fine songs, especially the single, "Another Girl, Another Planet".

This 1977 recording contains live performances of songs that appeared on their *Even Serpents Shine* and *Baby's Got a Gun* LPs. Peter Perrett, who did most of the song-writing, is in fine form vocally and carries the band well. The result is a much better release than their 1984 LP, *Remains*, recorded with The Only Ones in their death throes.

The band is considering reforming, and with the release of this LP, they know they'll have to be up to snuff if they get on stage once again.

Greg Garlick

The Wonder Stuff
Hup
(Polygram)

The Wonder Stuff's second effort could have been a respectable EP. Instead, England's most critically lauded Snarky Young Men have released an album which is seven-twelfths filler of the most self-absorbed description. Why is it that so many bands' second albums drag on about the Hell of Life on the Road? "30 Years In The Bathroom," the first song on Hup, joins two other

cuts on the LP as uninspired entrants into this tradition. Maybe Polygram rushed the band into the studio before they'd had time to do much more than scribble a few morose commonplaces on the room-service napkins.

"Radio Ass Kiss" recalls the pointed commentary of The Eight Legged Groove Machine and goes some way toward redeeming the album. This can't be said of the first British single, "Don't Let Me Down Gently," the kind of repetitive pop song that gets irritatingly lodged in your corpus callosum while you're folding laundry.

The Wonder Stuff are obviously looking to expand their range with folk-influenced songs like "Golden Green" and "Unfaithful", though the latter is marred by banal lyrics. It's harder to smile when you've tied to a friend," wails Malcolm.

Hopefully, their third album will find The Wonder Stuff back in form as the band that produced "It's Yer Money I'm After Baby" and "Unbearable." Hup, though, sounds like too little material for the vinyl it takes up.

Marsha Brady

David Byrne
Rei Momo
(Wea)

For the benefit of the three people who have never heard of him, David Byrne began his distinguished music career in the mid-1970s as lead-singer, guitarist and song-writer of the highly acclaimed and commercially successful Talking Heads. Over the years, the scope (and ego) of this "Renaissance Man" (Time Magazine cover-story, autumn 1986) has grown to in-

clude solo album, an LP done in association with Brian Eno, the soundtrack of *The Last Emperor* with Ryuichi Sakamoto and Cong Su, and writing, directing, producing, and acting in True Stories, a patronizing movie, book-about-the-movie, album view of life in small-town America. (But that's another story...)

Byrne's specialty is combining elements of pop music with that which is not. The result: cynical lyrics on overdone social themes underscored by a flavour-of-the-month musical style (jazz, synthesized, ragtime, whatever happens to be his fancy at the time).

On *Rei Momo*, David Byrne pays homage to the Caribbean, stocking his album with salsa and island (but not reggae) allusions—instrumental, lyrical, and political. For instance, "Make Believe Mambo" provides the listener with a fast-paced, danceable send-up of T.V. personalities played on instruments native to the area. "He can be a macho man/ Now he's a game show host/ One minute hilarious comedian/ Now he's an undercover cop." The social commentary is vintage Byrne: all form and no substance. Ironically, given Byrne's own chameleon musical tastes, it is he not inadvertently criticizing himself?

"The Call of the Wild" features a fine mingling of a strong, entrancing boogie rhythm, Byrne's wobbling voice, and background phrases sung in Spanish. "The Dream Police" contrasts the liveliness of a mariachi band with cliché lyrics on an Orwellian theme.

While the album's most interesting component is the incorporation of the pleasant, Caribbean style with political and social commentary, this point is interesting. Byrne and his lyrical studies sound overwhelmed by the background musicians,

numbering between eleven and twenty-four per track. The strength of "Rose Tattoo" is the superior guitarist: Byrne himself is nearly buried, making an intended message imperceptible. Likewise, the least memorable elements—endearing lyrics, tired subjects, etc.—of much of the album ("Independence Day" and "Don't Want to Be Part of Your World" in particular) are Byrne's own participation in the songs. In other words, the listener leaves Rei Momo wondering if Byrne is integrating a Caribbean musical style to explore a new sound for its own end, or is Byrne masking his own faults by producing an album on which the focus will surely be the novel use of that sound and not him?

Will Reith

Numb
Christmeister
(Invasion)

Remember Numb? They burst onto the local front a couple years back with an independently released cassette *Blue Light*, its follow-up LP on Edge Records, and some Vancouver shows to promote the thing. The album went to #1 on the CTR Spinlist in the summer of 1988. Then we heard news of the original vocalist departing. It then seemed Numb became just another band sucked down into obscurity. Their level of commitment, quite frankly, has been lacking. So to say Numb was nothing more than a hobby for its members wouldn't be at all off base. That will change with the release of their second LP - *Christmeister*, the more bruising and angst-exorcising of their two releases. It's pan-Alain Jourgensen-styled but intelligible skinhead ferocity force-bred with unrelenting dancefloor big beats. The hideous rumble (compare to Young Gods, 1000 Homo DJs, Palthead) moves through all but three songs on *Christmeister* - "Balance of Terror", "Flash", and the title track, which like earlier Numb ("Guilt", "Hanging Key", "Morality of Altitude") provide a less-rhythmic, ambient dimension. Highlights: "Eugene", "Bliss", "Dead Inside" and the first single/video, "Cash". "Frantic" is a dear-ringer for Ministry's "Missing". Some have to dance. Some have to kill. The ball's in your court, dear Numb listener.

The "Cash" video is a combination black and white, and coloured (double exposure) slo-mo with a montage of models in bondage, fifty dollar bills being tucked into cleavage, speedball shoot-ups, crucifixes, and clips of guitarist Don Gordon, percussionist Dave Hall, and new vocalist Blair Dobson.

In the next few months Numb may join Front Line Assembly in the ranks of ambassadors to the world of the spirit of Vancouver independence. You see, Christmeister has been concurrently released in Europe via New Rose (as was the self-titled album), which means offers of touring. Fucking rights they should leave their day jobs.

Lloyd Uliana

Young Fresh Fellows
This One's For the Ladies
(Frontier)

This is the Fellows' fifth LP (their 3rd on Frontier), and also their first without original member Chuck Carroll, the guitarist who used to sing the YFF Theme. Chuck's been replaced by Kurt Bloch of the late, lamented Fastbacks, and, sorry as



The Only Ones



The Mighty Lemon Drops

I am to see Chuck go. I guess Kurt can take much of the credit for the new sharper-edged sound of a lot of these songs. And what a lot of songs! The Fellows squeeze sixteen onto this poor 12 inch slab of vinyl. This album's packed with danceable, sing-along-able tunes in the fine tradition of the Young Fresh Fellows' first LP, *The Fabulous Sounds of the Pacific Northwest*.

Really, if the addition of Kurt has changed the band, it's for the better. If anything, *This One's For the Ladies* captures more of their tight, hard live sound than the other records did. One thing the Fellows do only in

the studio, though, is manage to gather together groovy friends to help out - guests from *Scruffy the Cat*, *The Replacements*, and *Dynette Set* all make appearances here.

Also adding to the fun factor of this package (remember, this is the band who added "bonus tracks" to the vinyl version of one of their LPs) is the insert which portrays all the Fellows (identified only by first names) as playing "lead guitar," even though each picture shows one of them posed up against a Rambler, thumping at a barebones drum kit. Of course the inimitable Tad is actually play-

ing from inside the car - wouldn't that interfere with the foot pedal action?

All in all, this is another great addition to the ever-increasing YFF collection, and the most excited I've been about a Fellows album since their debut. Good, solid, and fun rock and roll. Favourite songs: "Rotation" (this is the one with the psychedelic vocals-from-inside-a-garage-can-sound) and the surf anthem, "Taco Wagon."

Janis

The Mighty Lemon Drops Laughter (Wea)

Formerly the Sherbet Monstars, this neo-psychedelic band released their first album, *Happy Head*, in 1986. *Laughter*, the band's fourth album, indicates both artistic growth and stagnation.

While the sparkling acoustic, electric, and bass guitars seem less polished than other psychedelic bands, like *The Church*, they are played with greater finesse than on previous albums. The vocals, too, are scratchier and more energetic, making the album richer sounding than their earlier works. "At Midnight", the first song on the LP, provides the listener with an earful of dreamy, guitar chords and spirited vocals, setting the tone for the rest

of the album. "Into the Heart of Love", a psychedelic number having more in common with the 1960s originals than the 1980s copies, builds gradually into fast-paced, otherworldly melody. In "The Real World", the voice is at its most vibrant, the chorus at its most harmonious, the guitars at their most dynamic. *Nirvana*.

On the down side, the drummer should use his royalties for percussion lessons. (Honest, using the same beat in almost every song is boring.) Another problem: The Mighty Lemon Drops have not quite realized from their previous three albums that they are weakest when they are playing slowly and sing-spoken. In their most turgid track, a ballad, "Where Do We Go From Heaven", the lead singer lacks vitality, making the repetitive lyrics sound pointless, unconvincing, and dull.

Will Reith

64 Funnycars Happy Go Lucky (Bruiser Boy Records)

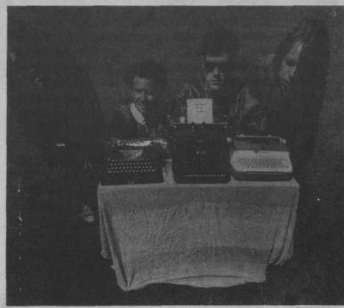
At last, the long-awaited debut from Victoria's 64 Funnycars. This LP was recorded over a year ago at Conrad Uno's Egg Studios (and the similarity to another Uno-produced band, the Young Fresh Fellows, is hard to miss), and it's taken this long for the Funnycars to manage to press

and get it out themselves. But it's been worth the wait. For one thing, how many bands can you think of who have drawings of Gene Simmons (from Kiss, in case you didn't know), celery, a rubber duck, a roll of toilet paper, a smelly sock and a guinea pig on their album covers? Besides proving once again that band member Eric Cottrell is a true artiste (just look at the depictions of the four of them on the back cover - trust me, now you'd recognize them on the street), this is a sure indication of the unpretentious, good (mostly) clean fun that's inside.

There are ten songs here,

several of which have appeared in various forms on CTR's playlist, all of them sincere and good pop tunes, and some of them absolutely great. It's hard to resist titles like "I Don't Mean to be a Prude," "Arc Weldin' Son of a Gun," and "Dull Daddy-O," and even harder to resist the catchy songs themselves. "Flat World" and "Boathouse" also stick in my head - these are hook-filled melodies that almost make you forget it's the dead of winter. I'm only sorry that these groovy, fun and funny pop-meisters seem to have such a hard time getting gigs in Vancouver.

Janis



Young Fresh Fellows

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DISORDER EDITOR KEVIN "KEVIN" SMITH SEARCHES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

VANCOUVER - "I want people to contribute to the *Frerking* magazine, ok?" *DISORDER* Magazine editor Kevin Smith was quoted as saying this week. The incident occurred early Tuesday morning when Vancouver police responded to a noise complaint from an angry East End neighbor. As the officers pulled up to the curb in front of Smith's run down home on East 166th Avenue, shots were fired from within the home. For several hours police attempted to reason with Smith, and in doing so learned that he had taken several neighborhood girls as hostages. "I have a point to make and I can wait out this dog, bird, and this particular cheerful squirrel are going to see to it that I have my chance", Smith yelled from a second-story window in his shabby Victoria Drive area home. As police began questioning SMITH, p. 4



EDITOR SMITH IN HAPPIER DAYS - SEE STORY

LOTTO: How many of your hard-earned dollars did you lose today?
-Page 77

DRUNK PUNK ON RAMPAGE: "I'll meet with Gorbys"
Does Cosby love you?
-page 245



just LOOK what you made the guy do...now if only you'd called 228-3017 and axed for him, and given him your story or art or photos or whatever, this might nott'a happened.

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The Cinémathèque in December: Sweet Subversion

Breakthroughs in sex, politics and religion (Dec. 1/2,8/9):
Devil in The Flesh, Salo, The Milky Way & The Devils

Québec Cinema in the '80s

Fascinating French-language discoveries (Dec 3/4,10/11):
La Femme de l'hôtel, A Corps perdu, Le Sourd dans la ville & Les Portes Tournantes

Tribute to John Cassavetes

For Four of the best films by this highly independent American actor/director (Dec 6/7,13/14):
A Child is Waiting, Love Streams, Faces & Husbands

Tribute to Raj Kapoor

The Charlie Chaplin of India, Kapoor was the biggest star in the world's biggest film industry (Dec 16-23 - opening 2pm Saturday matinee FREE)

plus (Dec 15/16): Bergman's **The Seventh Seal** and the premiere of Frank Cole's **A Life**

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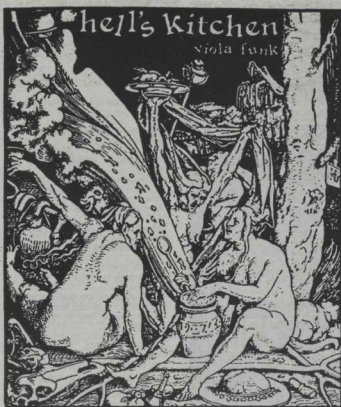
P A C I F I C
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Wow. Having just OD'd on barbecued peanuts, I'm in a total mood to write this column. This month's topic: the weirdest, wackiest, way-outest places around at which you can eat and still come out alive.

Leading the way in myriad respects is the Bino's on Commercial Drive. I mean, you know you're in East Van the minute you go into the washroom: The tanks are chained onto the toilets. And it smells. Not pleasantly. Of course, I'm not suggesting you should eat in the washroom. No, the non-smoking area is simply weird enough for that. The two-seater tables along one wall of it are so narrow it's as if you've suddenly entered a two-dimensional universe. Then there are those kooky geometric beehive light fixtures dangling overhead, keeping a vigilant yellow eye out to ensure everything stays strictly seventies and the conspiratorial winking of a bio-rhythm machine smackdab in the middle of the section. Look out for the chairs; one false move and you're splayed out on the floor on yer butt. The same caution applies to the food I guess.

Secondly, less a place to eat than a place to be Eaten - I mean, no, that's not what I meant... Anyway, hell. AKA Save-On Foods at Metrotown. Now with the ascendance of all these mega-colossal foodstuff realms I suppose it's no hot shit in comparison. But hey, upon my first few visits to it at the beginning of the year, it definitely seemed to warrant the "H" moniker. Like, suburban Californian consumers' paradise. Automated ramps jutting up into the stratosphere, a massive video shop where real grocery stores used to have windows (symbolism for the TV-blind eighties), and bizarro of bizarrities, this case-lot place off to one side, a world unto itself (what is this—Dante visits the twentieth century and discovers Save-On?!!). Bin upon bin of ten-pound bags of candy—crates of cigarettes—body-bags of disposable diapers—and you don't even need to be a member to SAVE. You get the feeling you're in a cheap Star Wars set or something. Sub-monickered "Case-Lot Hell". And on the eighth day God sold it all to Jimmy Pattison. No really people, this is the place to get food and stuff on the cheap. I particularly remember the carrot prices being good.

While you're halfway along the Skytrain route anyway, why not subject yourself to complete purgatory and head on out to New West Station. One block to the north of it lurks



Pacific Cafe. An unassuming title that does nothing to prepare you for the hoys that await within. Actually if you don't consider hicks from across the Fraser and small-time New West hoods "joys", "joy-uh", singular, is more accurate. I speak of the head waitress, an ageless, hunched-over, muttering rabid bundle of psychoses. This chick in action is truly something to fear... or look up to, depending on how many mind-fucking drugs you've done. She is to be found, day in, night out, weaving her single-minded, obsessive way amongst the vinyl, chromium and arborite of the little greasy spoon. It's as if the Sixties never ended here, except if you happen to spy the Billy Idol and Bon Jovi tunes on the jukeboxes. Atmosphere so thick you can slice it with a knife—particularly when Psycho-Woman is compelled to wrangle with the blitzed-out casualties that drift in from Columbia St. (The blind leading the halt, or what?) On one occasion when a few tenta-

tive clouds of smoke began to issue from the kitchen the woman was to be seen walking absently up and down the aisles between booths mumbling, "...Fire...fire...ah—Fire...there's...uh...Fire...", which, needless to say, did not have the effect of—Well, it didn't have any effect really, other than to rivet customers to their seats in awe-struck contemplation of this behaviour. Also I fondly remember sitting in here once late at night awaiting a 321 White Rock Centre, with a friend explaining to me that based on J.D. Salinger's theory in Franny & Zooey, this woman is Jesus. I haven't been back here in far too long. The menu offers "Oolichans" among other delights.

Another earthly manifestation of grocery-shopping hell must surely be the IGA at Kingsgate Mall. Well, Kingsgate Mall itself is quite the spawn of hell so it's only to be expected that the IGA will fit in with the general scheme of things. And fit in it does. Once I turned from deep

and cosmic contemplation in the check-out line-up to find two Dickensian orphan-type girls rummaging filthy little paws in my bag a peanuts. Yuck! But on the other hand, this being the East Side, people are generally eager to show goodwill toward fellow human beings. Hence cashiers and customers will engage each other in long conversation bemoaning the evil state of this society what with money-grubbing landlords, measly welfare cheques, and the prohibitive cost of milk. If you enter from the mall you have to pass through a narrow subterranean corridor, pass the hot dog stand and arcade on your right, then make a 180 degree turn by the Chinese greasy spoon and ascend a one-person-wide rickety old escalator that deposits you before a phalanx of red, blue, and yellow shopping baskets. That is, if they haven't supplied this route out of existence since I moved from Mount Pleasant. Anyway, I like to think that the store remains its proud, grotty, dishevelled, hellish self. Some things just refuse to be Eighties-ified.

Next—

Child (in a still small puzzled voice): Is this the ferry, Dad?

Father: No, this is a restaurant.

Funny choice of words, that. HELL'S SNACK BAR might be more like it. HELL'S SNACK BAR AND WAITING LOUNGE. We're in Fantasyland Nanaimo, the BC Ferry terminal waiting room. Diarrhea-beige vinyl-upholstered chairs. Harvest Gold melamine tabletops. The carpet, a serviceable combination of both colours. Lining the cement-block walls, backlit posters depicting ferryboats sailing through typically cliché scenic waters. Tall grey plastic rubbish bins standing guard amongst the rows of tables. Cowichan sweaters, vinyl car coats, and K-Mart parkas the apparel of choice. And should you venture up to partake of the wonders of the Snack Bar, lo. Bluey-grey cardboard trays can be loaded up with your choice of vacuum-packed sandwiches, shrink-wrapped Danishes, or Pepsi in styrofoam cups. They won't let you forget you're in the Eighties here. And a sign reading, "Hot Dogs Available. Ask Cashier." Why does this scare me? The kind of place in which nothing much can happen other than that you realize you're getting a cold sore.

So, steel your gut and head out. There're lots more mind-bendingly warped eateries just waiting to be unearthed.

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SUNDAYS

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THE TWELVE CLOCK NEWS 12-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Department.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM
Ragga, Rock Steady and Soul with George Kneit.

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3-4:00PM
Lockian Harmon and Kevin Rae provide the best of blues, rhythm and blues, funk and soul.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-6:30PM
CTR's in-depth current affairs/news magazine show. Coverage and analysis of the day's news and sports/industry editorial commentary, entertainment news and reports on events like at UBC, all in a comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And we promise, no traffic reports.

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM
Rebroadcast of Friday's show.

JUST LIKE WOMEN 6-8:00PM
Feminist news and analysis and music made by women for everybody. Alternates Sundays with...

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 8-9:00PM
Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance. Hosted by Horacio de la Cueva. Alternates Sundays with Just Like Women.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-MIDNIGHT
Join host Dave Emory for some extraordinary political reporting guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFC (Los Angeles).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12-4:00AM
So what if Barry doesn't show up any more? Who gives a shit? Guido and Timi strike.

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
From the famous slow to the not-so-famous B.C. World Service, wake up with the CTR Morning Show. Information, news, sports, weather and "scene" view (news, radio, reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberta blog prices. Wake up with Dave and Luc.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
Lunch goes down better with the Afternoon Report. Tune in for no fake news, sports, and weather.

SOUND OF REALITY 3-5:00PM
Experimental Radio, with Vanni! Featuring environmental sounds, found sounds, information/proposals and the world's primitive and experimental musics from the auditory fringe. Live, too. Contributions welcome. Practitioner: Anthony Roberts.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-6:30PM
See Sunday for details. Join host Ian Gunn here weekdays.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM
Join the CTR Sports Department for all the latest in Thunderbird varsity sports action and sports everywhere else for that matter. Interviews too.

ITS JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOORHOUSE 6-7:00PM
The big mouth's back, bigger and louder than ever, talking on all the issues that are taking root.

TOP OF THE BOPS 7:00-8:00PM
Tini Lopez, Ronnie Self, and the Phantom of love you. More Covenants bring Rock n' Roll to its roots. Note the really new time slot once again.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8-9:00PM
The latest in dance music from the African continent plus a musical few words but good and extra. You host: Umrah Chikwaka. Welcome.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:30PM-12:30AM
Returning to its old time by popular demand, the Jazz Show is Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. None of that late night growled/early weekend jazz. Features at 11:00. Hosted by the ever-talented Scott Walker.



In the Kwa language of Yoruba, there are two words for radio: "Ghohun-ghohun" (mutter of voices), and "A-s'oroma gb'at" (that which speaks without pausing for reply). CTR 161.9 FM is both. Listen and find out for yourself.

4th Art Deco is world music, jazz, reggae, humpster Don Cherry's latest. Acoustic blues with Cheryl Chole Haden, Billy Higgins and a return to recording by Texan. Janis Joplin. Clay offer an absence of almost 30 years. 11th Rites of Spring, composed and arranged by also saxophone master Phil Woods is one of his great triumphs. A live pop jazz suite played by a small band of jazzists conducted by Quincy Jones. 18th. A Love Supreme is one of John Coltrane's masterworks and one of his most eloquent musical statements in honour of a "Universal God". Coltrane, Tyrone, Gantmon, and Jones: The jazz quartet. 26th, 1st Gavin Wacker and the Jazz Show will not be heard on these days. Nevertheless, have a good happy season!

TUESDAYS

WHITE NOISE 6-7:00AM
Nova Express 8. 70's progressive meets B's electronic. Anderson, Glast, Eric Burroughs, songs, poetry and more.

SPORTS DIGEST 7-7:30PM
Rebroadcast of Monday afternoon's program.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and the Glenn Miller Orchestra.

GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY 8:15-10:00AM
Garnet doesn't give a shit and neither should you.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM
Country music to scrape the cowhills off your boots to. With yer host-pole, Jeff Gray.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3-5:00PM
Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insights into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

CONVER-RADIO 6:30-6:00PM
Join Chris Brayshaw as he continues the search for interesting guests, interesting clubs and innovative restaurants around town.

THE BETTY & VERONICA SHOW 6-7:00PM
Join the Riverside Gang each week for fun and frolic! Tap out! Tune in!

NEON MEAT DREAM 7-7:00PM
Like your wet nightmare and materialistic dream combined. Good what a mess. With Nels Luhy.

BEAT HEADS VERSUS WOLF AT THE DOOR 9PM-MIDNIGHT
Hosts Norm & Mike and Lupus on the rhythm clock alternating weeks.

WEDNESDAYS

CONVER-RADIO 7-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Tuesday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Stefan and a yard full of smiles and happiness.

OUR TALENTED FAMILY 10-11:00AM

Recordings of live performances of the UBC School of Music. The Contemporary Players, Student Composers, Guest Artist of the Week Band, World Music, and others.

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE 11AM-1:00PM
Taryn Sold Spin Grind and her's on the air today!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

THE RETURN OF NECRO-NEOPHILE 1:15-3:00PM
The newest additions to the CTR playlist as well as the featured recordings of any musicians that fall into the B.C. umbrella, hosted by MD Chis Buchanan.

THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME 3-5:00PM
Sound waves to sink yer teeth into, with yer host Paula the radio sex goddess.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

INSIDE INFORMATION 6:30-6:40PM
Join Kathryn Vogt and Barbara Elgood for an eclectic view of UBC and the university.

B.C. TALK 6-7:00PM
Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. Talk artists with Barb Wadden.

IT'S YOUR DIME 7-8:00PM
The latest info on local bands and strictly Canadian tunes, along with the hottest playlist stuff and interviews! With Spike Stylus!

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and Chris.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 10-11:00 AM
Textbooks beckon. Which is why I'm where I am. Still dedicated to the Northwest (you define). Send stuff please!

JIGGLE NOON-1:00PM
Mickey has book smarts. Gay has street smarts. Together, they've invented punk rock ball in the 60's being yet another new dimension to contemporary culture as we know it. Tune in for more reviews, interviews, and hilarious youth-culture. JIGGLE JIGGLE JIGGLE till the cows come home!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and the Glenn Miller Orchestra.

GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY 8:15-10:00AM
Garnet doesn't give a shit and neither should you.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFE 8:30-9:40 PM
In-depth arts analysis and general miscellany of commentary on the local arts community.

THE NO HOST BAR 8-8:00PM
Join Pat & Lisa as they travel to exotic lands and wrestle with big themes of today's big world.

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT 8-10:00 PM
A Lower Mainland favourite for over 30 years! Listen to our legendary Hootenanny Song (8:15) to win valuable prizes, guf-fun uncontrollably during Let's All Welcome (8:40), call in your votes for the Listener's Choice (9:00), then sit back and enjoy six bucks' worth of fun in the 60's Record Hour (9:05). M-r-m good!

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 10 PM-MIDNIGHT
Join Ed, Peter, and John for a real live band in your living room, automobile or Walkman. If you or YOUR BAND are interested in performing, give Ed a call at 462-7281.

30th Nightclubbers 7th Sound Butcher
11 Holloway and Hoka

21st Tape-a-Mania with The Method
2nd Juan Valdez Memorial 188 Ensemble

FRIDAYS

ARTS CAFE 7-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Thursday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Stefan and a yard full of smiles and happiness.

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM
Join host Ken MacInyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen's back lot of life with film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

THE VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW 11AM-1:00PM
Hi I'm Greg Eble!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN 1:15-3:00PM
The greenest of the CTR playlist, from germinate and take root on the air. If you are interested in CTR programming possibilities, phone the Program Director at 228-3017.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE - PART ONE 2:30-3:30PM AND PART TWO 3:30-4:30PM
Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized curiosity, power electronics and sound collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian industrialism.

NARDWAR THE HUMAN SPERSE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM
You the Listener have the ultimate control. You can turn off the radio, you can make your own head, you must realize that Nardwar and Cleopatra from Fullerton are your friends. Packed!

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM
In-depth focus on a different issue each week. Interviews with community members, UBC professors and others. If you want us to cover a specific issue, let us know!

HOMETAPING I.N.T.E.R.N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L. 6-8:00PM
You the Listener have the ultimate control. You can turn off the radio, you can make your own head, you must realize that Nardwar and Cleopatra from Fullerton are your friends. Packed!

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM
In-depth focus on a different issue each week. Interviews with community members, UBC professors and others. If you want us to cover a specific issue, let us know!

STOMP ON THAT BOPPATRON 9:00-MIDNIGHT
The latest & greatest in dance floor grooves. DJ Mick Hard brings you the best of the best.

22nd Bopatron Xmas Beat Bash, Stay tuned for more details.

23rd Bopatron Xmas Beat Bash, Stay tuned for confirmation of date.

24th Bopatron Best Dance Music in the 80s. More mega parties.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-3:30AM
Independent music from around the world, ranging from the latest in new tunes to hardcore and industrial grunge. Live and pre-recorded interviews, plus experimental occasion sessions. With Lloyd Lloyds.

THE SATURDAY EDGE SAM-NOUN
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/folk/punk/folk music radio show. Now in its fifth year on CTR. Live! Social Report at 11:30.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground sound to mainstream metal, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Muff Ron do the damage.

IF IT'S 8:00PM
The Hip Beat brought you by Nels Luhy. Scooby-street from the island.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

THE YAP GAP 6:30-6:00PM
Arjo Rowlands brings you news and interviews from the arts community.

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG 6-8:00PM
Brat to you by your friends from Eating Vornit.

MEGABLAST! 1:40-4:00 AM
Improvisation in many forms. Mikes that don't work but had to be tried. Requests that never get played. Welcome to late night radio. With Adam Scott.

ETCETERA

Four times each day, hear the rundown on the latest events, lectures, gigs, and fun things going on here on this campus next door to that world famous science site. If you want to admit it, by all means do so. Simply drop your self at CTR's offices in SUIL.

UBC DIGEST

6	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
7	THE YAP GAP	SPORTS DIGEST	CONVER-RADIO	INSIDE INFO	ARTS CAFE
8	THE MORNING SHOW - BBC WORLD SERVICE AT 8:00				
9	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY	TANIA ALEXSON	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10	THE NEWS	PEST CONTROL	OUR TALENTED FAMILY	HANFORD NUCLEAR	MOVING
11		WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE	THE VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW	JIGGLE	
12	THE AFTERNOON NEWS REPORT	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	NEO-NECRO-NEOPHILE II	KATHRYN HAYASHI	ITS NOT EASY BEING GREEN
2	ROCKERS SHOW	SOUND OF REALITY	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME	FLEX YOUR HEAD
3	BLUES AND SOUL SHOW	SOUND OF REALITY	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME	FLEX YOUR HEAD
4					
5	RADIO ACTIVE	SPORTS DIGEST	CONVER-RADIO	INSIDE INFO	ARTS CAFE
6	JUST LIKE WOMEN/ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS	MOORHOUSE	BETTY AND VERONICA	B.C. FOLK	NO-HOST BAR
7					
8	PLAYBOY (THIS IS NOT A TEST)	THE AFRICAN SHOW	BEAT HEADS VERSUS WOLF AT THE DOOR	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL
9	ONE STEP BEYOND/RADIO FREE AMERICA	THE JAZZ SHOW WITH GAVIN WALKER			
10					
11	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	ENVIRONMENTAL SCATLOGY	AUBAL TENTACLES		
12					
1					
2					
3					
4					

CITYSCAPE

Several times a day, listings are read out for all the hip happenings here in the city of aia. Concerts and clubs, theatre, film and cinema: everything you could possibly want and more. Just listen. And if your group wants to publicize your event, please do drop off the details here at CTR.

COMMUNITY ACCESS

CTR provides free airtime for Community Access by groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director at 228-3017.

LIVE SPORTS ON CTR

Join the crack CTR Sports Unit for play-by-play coverage of a mess o' vanity sports both on the campus and off, from soccer to football to ice hockey to basketball. Find out the reason why the "TR" is in CTR. Playoff games beckon! Upcoming regular season games carried by CTR will pre-empt regular CTR programming.

DECEMBER

SATURDAY THE 1ST, 8:15PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF SASKATCHEWAN.
SATURDAY THE 2ND, 1:00PM: BC HIGH SCHOOL BOYS BASKETBALL CHAMP.
SATURDAY THE 9TH, 1:00PM: BC HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS BASKETBALL CHAMP.

JANUARY

SATURDAY THE 4TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF SASKATCHEWAN.
SATURDAY THE 13TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF REGINA.
FRIDAY THE 19TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF VICTORIA.
SATURDAY THE 20TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF VICTORIA.
FRIDAY THE 26TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF MANITOBA.
SATURDAY THE 27TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF LETHBRIDGE.

FEBRUARY

FRIDAY THE 14TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF BRANDON.
SATURDAY THE 17TH, 7:45PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF CALGARY.

VOL OPS

CTR wants you to become involved with our friendly UBC Radio Station which broadcasts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound! Wheelies! Programming, producing, editing, writing, engineering, operating, announcing, hosting, etc. etc. Come by the studio during normal office hours. We're located in Room #233 on the second floor of the Student Union Building. Or phone us at 228-3017. And yes, Jen Kelly, everyone is welcome regardless of age! So come on by and see for yourself!

WHOM TO CONTACT

THE FOLLOWING FOLKS ARE THE ONES YOU SHOULD GET AHEAD OF 'CAUSE THEY'RE THE ONES YOU SHOULD GET AHEAD OF.

ARTS DIRECTOR ANTLER/RAULWERDE
BUSINESS MANAGER BARBARA WILSON
STAFF DIRECTOR DALE SAWYER
DEVELOPMENT COORDINATOR
PRESIDENT LISA SCHULTEN
MOBILE SOUND LANE DUNLOP
MUSIC DIRECTOR CHRIS BUCHANAN
NEWS & CURRENT AFFAIRS DIRECTOR
PRODUCTION MANAGER ADAM GOSMAN
PROGRAM DIRECTOR RANDY WATA
RECORD LIBRARIAN JEROME PRINGLE
SECRETARY JOHANNA BLOOM
SPORTS DIRECTOR JEFF PATTERSON
TRAFFIC DIRECTOR TANA ALKISON
VICE PRESIDENT ROBYN WATA
VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR BILL BAKER

HOW TO CONTACT

BUSINESS LINE 228-3017
D.L. LINE 228-2487 (228-CTR)
NEWS LINE 222-2487 (222-CTR)
FAX LINE 228-4093

THE SURVEY!

All surveys are in and are being counted by our crack CTR Survey Crew. Stay tuned to these pages for the results and the winners!

BOLD MEANS CANADIAN, DONCHA KNOW

DEMOLIST

THE ROOSTERS	PRETTY THING
THE MIMES	I'M SO DEPRESSED
KEMPTON DEXTER	LESBIAN LIFE
EARTHLING	PURE HELL
HARD ROCK MINERS	NOT THE BLUE-TAILED FLY
RAIN THEATRE	DK #2
64 FUNNYCARS	SHE BECOMES UNGLUED
ALAN DOBS & DUMELA	A BUM
PORTABLE ETHNIC TAXI	BRAZIL
EARTHLING	UNNATURAL LAWS
MIND CYCLE	REQUIEM FOR ANDY GIBB
EMILY STOP	DROWNING
ELIZABETH FISCHER	STATES OF GRACE
FAB MAVERICKS	SNAKE CHARMER
SAND DANCES	A HERO FALLS
TOUCH 'N GOS	ANOTHER BOYFRIEND
SHOVLIED	I'M SLOWLY DYING
PUKE THEATRE	LOVE PIG
THE PICASSO SET	SOMEBODY GIRL
TOXIC OPTION SYNDROME	A MEANS TO AN END
@#&!	SHOES
THE OPEN GRAVES	NUCLEAR LOVE
BABY SUGARBAG	SPOON RIVER
OH YEAH	DAILY FEAR OF DYING
BRIGHT ORANGE	LOVE AND EVIL
ULTRIOR MOTIVE	THE DEVIL LIKES ME
CELTIC BLUE	AS I ROVED OUT
PULL MY DAISY	AC-DC
ROUGHAGE	JAH IN VIETNAM
SHOVLIED	GREAT BIG PINK STATE
SMALL MAN SYNDROME	SILENCE
THE PALM SISTERS	THREE POEM DEMO 1989

SPINLIST

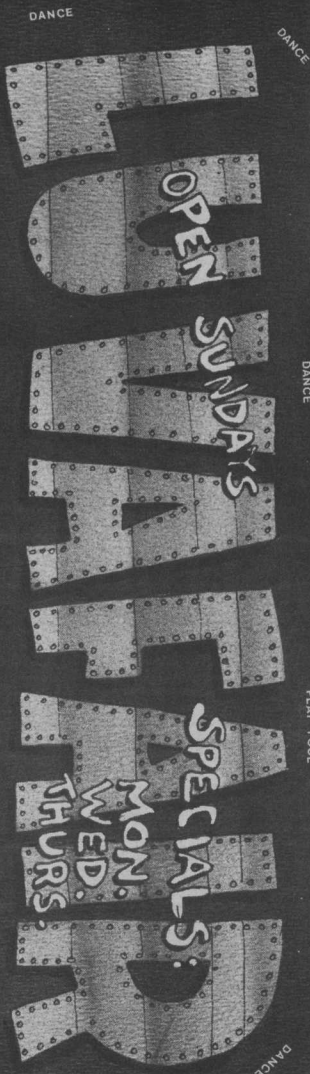
ICE-T	ICEBERG/FREEDOM OF SPEECH
BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE	MEGATOP PHOENIX
CURIOUS GEORGE	CHILDREN OF A COMMON THOUGHT
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS	MOTHERS OF INVENTION
TEST DEPT.	BIRTH OF GODDODDIN
DOUGHBOYS	HOME AGAIN
GOLDEN PALMINOS	A DEAD HORSE
JANE SIBERRY	BOUND BY THE BEAUTY
VARIOUS ARTISTS	INDIE TOP 20 VOL VII
POP WILL EAT ITSELF	THIS IS THE DAY, THIS IS THE HOUR
STONE ROSES	SHE BANGS THE DRUM
DAVID BYRNE	REI MOMO
MIGHTY LEMON DROPS	LAUGHTER
D.O.C.	NO ONE CAN DO IT BETTER
YOUNG M.C.	STONE COLD RHYMIN
SOUNDGARDEN	LOUDER THAN LOVE
FUGAZI	MARGIN WALKER
DINOSAUR JR.	JUST LIKE HEAVEN
NIRVANA	BLEACH
PRUDENCE DREDGE	SPECIAL SHOVEL
DEPECHE MODE	PERSONAL JESUS
MAD DADDYS	APES GO WILD
KATE BUSH	THE SENSUAL WORLD
VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE NEW BEAT REVOLUTION
JOHN LEE HOOKER	THE HEALER
VARIOUS ARTISTS	IT CAME FROM CANADA VOL 5
SPACEMAN 3	SOUND OF CONVICTION
JESSE DODD & SONS OF	WINE BARS AND WEREWOLVES
FETCHIN BONES	MONSTER
VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE BRIDGE
COFFIN BREAK	PSYCHOSIS
MALCOLM MCLAIREN	WALTZ DARLING
VAYA CON DIOS	VAYA CON DIOS
SCOTT MCCAGHEY	MY CHARITREUSE OPINION

CTR welcomes musical expressions of any form with open ears. Interested artists are encouraged to submit any and all material to the CTR Music Department for potential airplay. Please send your stuff to CTR Music/Cassette/Demo Department (whichever one applies), 6138 SB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5. Your interest is appreciated and welcome. Thank you very much.

1275 SEYMOUR

NO HOUSE MUSIC!!

685-3288

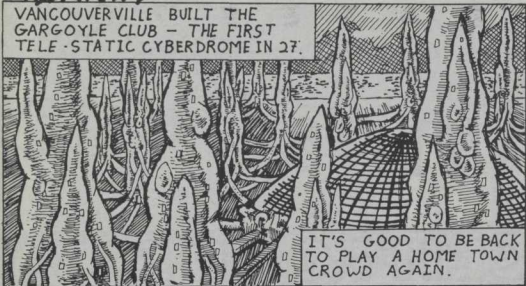


The (L) that appears after certain listings indicates that that establishment is one licensed by the province to sell alcohol and only those above the age of 18 can attend. The listings in *Discorder Datebook* do not cost a single stinking dime. Listings are printed based on available space. If you would like your listings included in this here page, just submit any and all details to *Discorder Datebook*, c/o *Discorder Magazine*, 6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5.

32 DISORDER

CYBERTOON

VANCOUVERVILLE BUILT THE GARGOYLE CLUB - THE FIRST TELE-STATIC CYBERDROME IN 27.



IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK TO PLAY A HOME TOWN CROWD AGAIN.

SAL LEVEL

I PLAYED MY FIRST BLACK MARKET INVESTMENT TOURNAMENT WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN. I STARTED AS A SIDEBAR RUNNER, SLIPPING SIGNALS THROUGH THE FIELD PLAYERS TO THE JAMMERS. A MESSENGER BOY.



I MADE LEAD JAMMER FOR THE MEGALOPOLIS FREETRADERS AT NINETEEN. I WAS THE YOUNGEST LEAD JAMMER IN THE CIRCUIT. SOME PEOPLE SAY I'M THE BEST THERE IS. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, ALL I KNOW IS...



I'M VERY GOOD AT WHAT I DO.

SAL AND I WERE LINKED ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO. SHE IS THE BEST PARTNER I'VE EVER HAD.

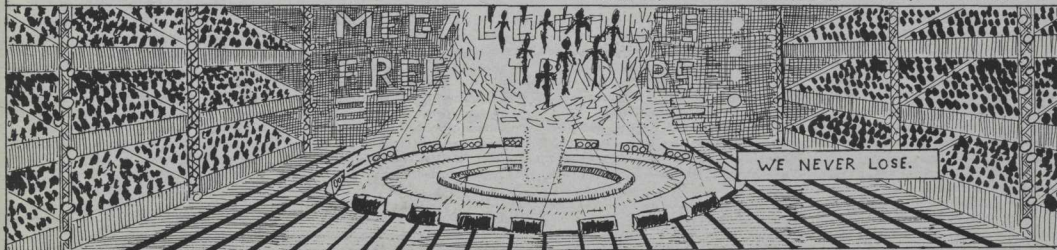


I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE STATS ON HALF THIS YEARS TEAM.

THERE ARE MORE FIRST SEASON ROOKIES HERE THAN EVER BEFORE. ALL WITH TOPLINE MODIFICATIONS AND BRAND NEW HARDWARE.



BUT THEY ARE MY TEAM. WE ARE THE MEGALOPOLIS FREETRADERS, AND WE TRADE THE STRONGEST CURRENCY IN THE NEW WORLD ORGANIZATION. WE ARE THE WARLORDS OF CYBERNETIC MACRO-ECONOMICS.

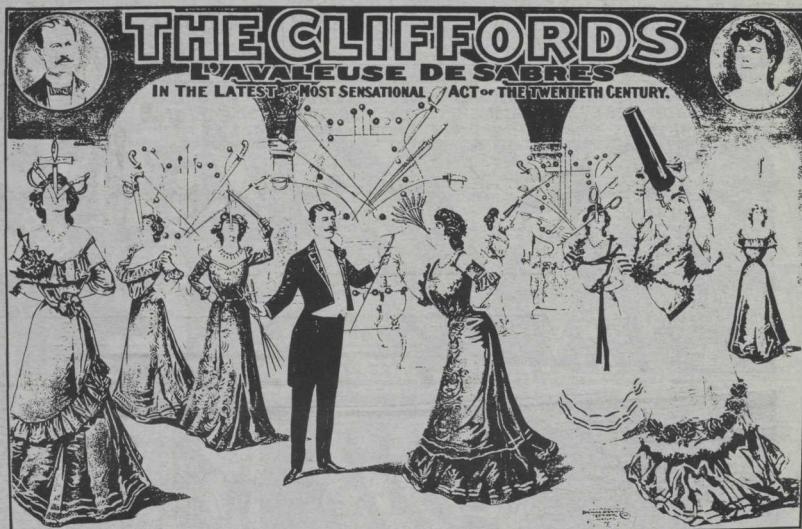


WE NEVER LOSE.

for a few centimes more

The assistant swallows a sword, the bearded man rests his head on a bed of nails and asks another girl to stand on his ear, and so it goes.

The Roving Ear by Christopher Kovacs



I t's nearly twenty years that the drugged-up Lizard King has been under dirt at Pere-La Chaise. Still, the pilgrims come with bouquets weeping petals, eyes crocodile tears. They leave their little notes and poems, all 'great golden copulations,' with their roaches and empty bottles. I'm one of them. I admit, following arrows marked "Jim" up the hill through progressively denser webs of worshipful graffiti. Up to a little open air shrine, the first gravestone "O" in "Morrison" an anarchy symbol, the second a peace sign. I stand over his dirt, over imagined hair and bones and leather pants, and pay my respects, and take a picture.

I was thinking about the time he was supposed to have appeared onstage with Hendrix, remembering the recording, how excruciatingly fucked up he was, reduced to growling obscenities along with the occasional rousing shout of "Fuck her up the ass!" But hey kids, he was a poet, no? Voice of a generation, or one of 'em, right? We can allow an artist of that stature a few indiscretions, can't we? The meat of the poet in the stardom pressure cooker, spiced with a horse choking load of mind expanders, must yield up a hearty stew. Of course, it doesn't necessarily have to leave a pleas-

ant aftertaste, nor must every bite be one to savour... what bullshit.

But that night, decked out in my own leather and hair, I'm drunk and still unconsciously playing the role in the red lights of Pigalle.

I won't forget the hollow eyes. I'll remember the spongy lips on mine, like bread soaked in motor oil, a flavour of corrupt curdled time. I'll dream of how I pulled away as the desperate wrinkled hands fluttered birdlike around my crotch. The dream will engorge to nightmare as the stripper lights come up for the next piece of starving flesh and I see that face beside me. Fleshless skull draped in loosening, loosened papyrus skin. Vous etes tres gentil. You come with me. I give you many more kisses. Said into my neck. All night long you stay. Je ne pense pas. Lentement, lentement. Help. Get me away. I'd like to laugh; I'd like not to cry. I'd like to be untouched by all this.

But here we go hol into the night again. Merci Messieurs. I like you. For you, my card. That's definitely a guy in drag. That's not. A thousand hardcore mags, drunken, and drugged women with various objects and body parts being pushed into them by drunken and drugged men while the cameraman lights a cigarette.

Then, awake quickly as night strobes into a day of diamond brilliance at Sacre Coeur on Butte Montmartre. Today I'm not hit in the balls or guts

or brain. Maybe in the guts of my brain. The breathing rock of the cathedral stirs the little lizard coiled tightly at the base of my skull. The one that keeps the ancient chemical balances in check, that pushes towards pure lust or hatred, love or anger, worship of god and sea. The original neverchanging gland we can trust. I have to leave, staggering sober, blinking away grateful tears in the bright hard light. The dim, soft silence of Sacre Coeur would drive me sane, and that's a more painful thing than to be driven mad. Look there! She's mad. That man with the air of quiet jubilation? Him too. Those lovers entwined? In the most happily misguided, in the most wrong-minded but redeeming way, they're nuts. Ah, but the sour face, drawn, closed up for the night. There! Sanity itself. All around us now. Sooty pomegranate faces withered and sagging, driven gently sane. All praise the mad.

Mad the grinning bearded man wearing an immense pair of emerald boxer shorts in the water-congealing shadows of the Centre George Pompidou. Entertaining for money. Great columns of fire he's blowing, overpowering me 5 meters away with the smell of petrol. Before him, shelving out like a table on which he might rest his beer, grows what appears to be an enormous tumor. It coils and curls under the shin like some obscene demonic pregnancy. He smiles and tightens the muscles in his abdomen to make the growth wiggle up and

down. He scampers. Four jolies mademoiselles to help me. I struggle to interpret. Each woman receives four darts with tips carefully wiped with alcohol. Throw them! A moi, oui! And after a demonstration from his assistant, who sinks one dart to the hilt in the tumorous mass, the ladies hesitantly comply. The crowd shudders as one. The assistant swallows a sword, the bearded man rests his head on a bed of nails and asks another girl to stand on his ear, and so it goes. For a few centimes more...

For a few centimes more, he will reach into a hole in his side, pull out steaming organs, wet ribbons of intestine to garland the transfixed crowd. His wife will give birth to an octopus with the face of a saint, which to the great delight of all assembled, will play the Marseillaise on the bagpipes. With a sweeping gesture of ingathering, the dying old man will draw down before him the concentrated essence of night, leaving the sky a brilliant birthstone white, and with a breath from cracked lips, transform the roiling mass into a thousand tiny ravens, each clutching a grape leaf. The asphalt will soften and all of us sink to waist depth as he expands, grows translucent, incorporeal, ever larger, until, like the wind pushed before a metro train, he will pass through us all, touch each soul, and disappear.

A cheap show at any price, this.

**NEW
YEAR'S
EVE
PARTY**

NO MINORS

PHONE 273-6762

SHINDIG

THAT CONTEST FROM CTR FM 102

DECEMBER 1989



FINALS DEC 4 @

TOWN PUMP
66 Water Street
Gastown 683-6695

PRIZES COURTESY

MUSHROOM STUDIOS

PROFILE SOUND

FLUID STUDIOS



Profile Studios

